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ISSUE 36

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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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Cover: On the mat, locked in man-to-man contact, these no-bullshit dudes were caught red-handed by photographer Jim Moss.

Contents Page: Jim Moss.

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF



VANITY POLITICS

President Carter's attempt to slap the wrist of the Soviet Union by demanding a boycott of the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow only makes sense if you remember that this is an election year. Beyond the fact that the gesture is hardly going to punish the USSR; it becomes a slap in the face of the hard-working American athletes, who will in all likelihood be unable to compete four years from now. On top of which the USA makes training/competing difficult enough by not providing the economic subsidy other athletes in other countries enjoy. We have little or no hesitation, on the other hand, of claiming as our collective own the medals individual athletes win at the Games. Carter has refused to compromise. There will be no alternative games. In fact, this may well mark the end of the Olympic Games altogether. And all so that Carter can dust off the traditional political ploy of denouncing the Russians to win votes at home. Drummer does not support the Olympic boycott.

TOO FAT, TOO THIN... TOO BAD

We constantly get reports about gay businesses, notably bath houses and encounter establishments, which discriminate against many gays. Patrons are refused membership, denied admission, or otherwise rejected for reasons of age, weight or appearance. This tribute to the 'Miss America Contest' school of thought seems to dominate sections of the gay culture.

We have been asked what we think about the validity of such practices and feel that perhaps the time has come for us to make our position clear.

DRUMMER will refuse to list or accept advertising from any business that discriminates against gays in this manner. That applies to gay and non-gay businesses alike. The gay community, as a whole, has been exploited and ripped-off for long enough by the outside. The exception to this policy is in matters of personal sexual relations, where we feel no one has the right to dictate the sexual preference of another human being. But in a social and business context, for gays to put down and deny other gays because they don't have the vital statistics of Robert Redford is unconscionable. It is worse than the exploitation we suffer from the parasites in the non-gay establishment.

A plague on both their houses.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

SLAVE EQUALITY

Simply put, DRUMMER is the most revolutionary magazine in the history of publication. It is my mirror.

I am a master and have been comfortable in this station for a number of years. But something about the current trend of S&M puzzles me. There seems to be a total negation of any precept that masters and slaves should be on equal footing. I know... I can already hear the screams. (Send him over when you're finished with him, will ya?) Before I get assailed by masters and slaves alike, let me explain.

The master/slave relationship should be a commitment born of pain and pleasure, flesh and spirit, dominance and service. It is the type of relationship that necessitates that each party of a genuine master/slave relationship earn the respect (indeed, if not love) of the other.

It should be remembered that if a slave is worthy to wear that title, he has suffered and enjoyed whims, pain, and degradation at the hands of a competent master. Men who are able to earn and endure the title of slave are indeed men in the most primordial sense of the word, as are their masters. They are wilderness-men: raw, pure, strong. Such men do not bend or break out of weakness, nor only by their masters' strength, but also from an inherent manly strength which allows them to accept their rightful station. They are not slaves because they fear their masters, but because they respect and appreciate their masters' guidance, understanding, character, and fortitude. Each party of such a relationship revels in his station, as fit to his personality as a pair of well-worn chaps. And one station is no more meretricious of respect than is the other.

For this reason, I respect my slave. And, in return, I have the respect and love of one of the most contented pieces of trash on the block. But after I have strapped his ass well, taken my pleasure of him, after he has suffered and enjoyed the pain and humiliation of my handiwork, my verbal abuse, drank the juices of my body and is moaning or weeping at my feet in thanks, I know that I have a worthy man for a slave. It is then, on occasion when he is most deserving, yet has not come from my belt or cock, it is then that I show him my respect and desire for him, for his muscular beauty and psychological strength as a man. I down my face on his manhood and demand that he give me his juice. (Sometimes I simply piss on him and allow him to masturbate - his favorite.) He is my slave, you see. He belongs to me. He is there for my pleasure. He is my pleasure and I am his. And part of my pleasure as master is showing appreciation to a slave who has pleased me.

I can be cruel at times. It is one of my fortes. But it is because he has endured my cruelty and passion, that my slave is deserving of my kindness. Fulfilling each other's needs is a part of the trust between a master and slave, part of the commitment. In everyday matters, as well.

I have told this to some of my buddies who are masters. Some of them have similar understandings with their slaves. But I was surprised at the number of masters who told me that I was wrong in treating my slave as anything other than a "thing."

I know that each union is different and I am not concerned about my own situation. As I said, I have a happy, hunky piece of shit. But I'm wondering if you sense a trend of "cruiser-bruiser" masters these days, men who don't do much delight in B&D and S&M as a system or erotica, a way of life, between men, but rather, who seek to fulfill some stereotype of sterile sadist with no concern or understanding for the needs of slavesmen.

It seems to me that such a psyche could, in the long run, prove debilitating, and even dangerous, in the world of leathersex.

I'd like your thoughts as to whether such a depersonalization of gay S&M can lead to an alienation of affection and respect between masters and slaves and among gay men in general.

Tony
San Francisco, CA

Editor's Note: Some of the questions raised in the above letter are those which DRUMMER has tried to seriously answer throughout its publishing history. And while we propose that only an intelligent, rational human being could or should assume responsibility for the physical safety of another human being, evidence is often to the contrary.

While it may not have been vocalized as such, a good part of the protest over the imagery in the film *Cruising* stemmed from a depersonalization of the S&M sexuality that was the backdrop for Gerold Walker's murder mystery. It can be assumed that the bulk of the public has little or no frame of reference for S&M sexuality; it seems odd that proportionately, as little understanding of the nature of S&M relationships exists among the whole gay community. Obviously, the best understanding comes from within the S&M oriented community; still, misunderstanding persists. Finally, a lot of people are attracted to S&M, and leather, and specifics of both the S&M and leather community for all the wrong reasons. The nefarious spectre of the sadistic leatherman bent on destruc-

tion of either himself or his 'victim' is, unfortunately, the stereotype. It appears that a great deal of education is in order, not only to defuse the negative image of S&M in general, but especially in the gay sectors. And while it is easy to adopt an attitude of: 'What do I care what outsiders think?', some of that education is needed 'inside.'

CALLING MR. BENSON

I really get off on the comments about guys wanting to meet Mr. Benson. There are a few of us out here who would rather be Mr. Benson. Getting my own act together is my primary goal. More bottoms should realize that it's easier to create their own Mr. Benson than it is to find one. Men who are trying to build themselves into solid, responsible tops have a three-way battle to fight. We have to deal with society's pressures, face the loneliness of daily life, plus work through our own hang-ups. The support and trust of sincere bottoms could go a long way toward building firm, aggressive tops.

I see hundreds of hot-looking men standing around the Folsom leather bars every night waiting for Mr. Goodbar. Just waiting. He doesn't come by very often. Luckily, there are dozens of potential Mr. G's everywhere. The problem is: these potential tops are in a deadly race with time. Can we hold on to our dream of being confident, dominant men long enough to make it a rewarding lifestyle? If the struggle is prolonged too much, loneliness and emotional exhaustion pull us under.

Wake up, bottoms! If you want a good top man, get off your lazy asses and help the potential tops get it together. DRUMMER magazine is doing the leather community a great service by publishing the myths and images that give direction and form to the men who share our way of life. We all know what tops and bottoms should be. The right kind of encouragement and honest, man-to-man emotions from you bottoms could build an army of healthy tops (who could, in turn, whip your butts into shape).

If you want to spend your life jack-offing fantasizing about a heavy stud taking over your life and keeping you in place, that's cool. But these crazy people at DRUMMER are giving us all a blueprint for turning those dreams into everyday reality. If you guys will stop standing around posing in the bars like stoned mannequins and make a little effort, you will just get a Mr. Benson for your very own.

R.L.
San Francisco CA

MORE WRESTLING

The wrestling scene, which I'm really into, has been on the rise lately. I want to thank you for the articles you've dedicated to the hot sport of male vs male grappling, but I have to admit I want more!

Wes Winston
Washington, DC

(Editor's Note: Just wait until you get to page 8 in this issue.)

CONRAP

I have read DRUMMER for about four months now and I find it to be an invaluable sexual resource. The first thing I read in DRUMMER is CONRAP. Recently they listed the address of the Gaycon Newsletter. I wrote to them and was informed that they were no longer at that address. Do you know how they can be contacted?

S. Smith
Clearwater, FL

(Editor's Note: Gaycon Newsletter has ceased publication for the present time. When we have news of their reappearance, we'll let you know via DRUMMER. CONRAP will appear in every other issue instead of in each issue.)

BRUCE, CALL ROSS FOR SHAVE

In DRUMMER No. 31 you published a letter in the Malebag: Dear Sir column from a man who signed himself Bruce/Philadelphia. You tried to forward a letter to him from me and discovered he had not put his address on his letter to the editor. I wanted to inform him that he could obtain his complete fantasy as stated in his letter right 'in his own backyard' if he would contact me. I hope you will print this in hopes that he will see it and call me at (215) 352-7927.

Ross
Pennsylvania

DAD AND BEAU

My dad (Beau) looks so much like Bill Ward's Drum that I call him Drum. He has the same blond hair and mustache and blue eyes. He even walks and expresses himself like Drum. He has the same kind of muscular body, meat and ass and wears the same kind of clothes and caps when he rides his motorcycle. He also charms everyone wherever he goes.

I think it would be great if you had a Drum-Look-Alike Contest. I mean with clothes on, because my dad would never pose nude.

Brian
Cleveland, OH

(Editor's note: We'll be glad to have a Drum-Look-Alike Contest, but only if your dad will agree to pose nude.)

MORE RAWHIDE

Your article on the Hellfire Club in DRUMMER no. 34 — teeheeriff! Can't wait for the second part coming up in no. 35. Hope it shows a lot more machos both tying the ropes and in them. Rope bondage, rawhide bondage a big turn-on. Let's have more pictures of same. Maybe one of a bottom being bound-rubber big boots. Rawhide tight around bulging biceps, across and confining Herculean pecs. Outdoor scenes using rope (not manacles) against western backgrounds, or in old deserted hay barns sen-sational! Yeah, give us more of that rope and rawhide rough stuff!

Jed
Laguna Beach, CA

The Six Dollar magazine



A Bargain.

If you think DRUMMER is outrageous, wait until you meet MACH. We introduce the Six Dollar Magazine, which in itself is fairly outrageous. However, this one is a bargain. More of everything, except advertising. MACH is fresh, bright and a definite turn-on. Volume One, Issue One is still available, which is more than we can say for DRUMMER. Published quarterly, MACH 2 is on its way. If your local bookseller or newsstand doesn't have it, piss on them and send six bucks to: MACH, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Or subscribe for a year for \$20 and make sure you don't miss one. Strictly High Octane.



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THE GREAT WRESTLING MATCH

(or THE
SPOILS OF
VICTORY)

by HANK TROUT

PHOTOS BY JIM MOSS

TWO HOT MUSCLEHEADS, PROUD AND AGGRESSIVE, MAKE AN ARRANGEMENT ACROSS THE MILES TO FIGHT IT OUT, NAKED AND NO HOLDS BARRED. THAT'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THIS WINNER-TAKE-ALL REAL LIFE ADVENTURE. ONLY THE PHOTOS WERE STAGED.



LET'S FIGHT FOR TOP!

Muscular hairy leather wrestling stud challenges other MEN to fight for Topman honors. Throw away the rules — bare-assed no-holds-barred brawl to submission. Loser gets tied up, gagged, punched, fucked, fisted, pissed on, and whatever else pleases the Winner. Got the balls for a man-to-man ring fight for real rewards? Call . . .

Only once so far have I gotten what I paid for in this ad. About 5 weeks ago from a stud in Norcross, Georgia called who sounded like he really knew his stuff.

"So you think you're tough shit, do ya, fucker?"

"If I wasn't, I wouldn't have put out the ad, asshole!"

"Yeah, well, I'm betting my ass that you ain't nearly tough enough to whip my hide! We'll see how fuckin' tough you are after I kick the shit out of ya and shove my fist up your ass!"

"Such strong words for a boy safely tucked away in the sticks! Keep it up, fucker, and I'm gonna expect some action to back up those words."

"You got it — I'm coming to Chicago in two weeks. And it'll be my pleasure to teach you what a real fight is all about!"

"Well, scum, it'll be fun to let you try to get my ass!"

So we set up the dates for his visit and made arrangements to swap photos before he arrived. The dude was 5'11" tall, about 175 pounds, and looked like he'd been lifting heavy weights ever since the crib. A hairy-chested, bearded, blond farmboy stud named Buck. The photo had obviously been taken right after a heavy workout, 'cause all of his hard bulging muscles were glowing with steamy mansweat. And that cock — it was only half-hard, pointed down at an angle from its nest of thick brown crotch hair, but it looked to be at least 8 inches long! I could only imagine how tight and hard this muscular dude's ass would feel, how good it would feel to pump up my cock in his shit hole and then reach in and jack off in his chute!

Spent the next week and a half with this stud's picture in my head, hot as hell for the chance to lock horns with him, whip the hell out of him and then show him what happens when a hunky fighter stud has to submit to me. Looked forward to teaching him just what the fuck submission means!

When Buck landed at O'Hare Airport on Friday evening, he phoned me. "Well, dude, the man who's gonna cripple you just landed."

"Horse shit! Ain't no yellow-assed punk like you can whip my ass!" Just hearing his voice again brought my cock to attention.

"Yeah, shit-mouth, I hear ya."

Drove out to O'Hare and met Buck at the arrivals terminal. No trouble recognizing him, standing there on the curb, his black leather cycle jacket clinging to his broad back, his worn Levis hugging his strong thighs, his cock-filled basket bulging like a too-ripe melon ready to bust its seams. Stopped the car. He opened the door, threw his knapsack into the back seat, and jumped in beside me.

"Oh, yeah, boy!" I sneared, "whipping your hide is gonna be one helluva fuckin' treat!"

"Shoe-it," he grinned and settled down into the seat. Gave him one short, quick punch in the shoulder and raced away from the curb.

"You gonna start something already, fucker?" Buck asked, his eyes full of fight.

"Yeah, I'm gonna start something, cocksucker!" I scooted the seat back and rubbed my hot crotch. My cock was hard and struggling to bust out of my jack and jeans. I unbuttoned my fly, reached inside my dirty jack, and pulled out my stiff cock. I could feel Buck's stare as I started pulling and stroking my cock, rubbing the pre-cum ooze all over the sensitive head, clenching my fist around the 7-inch shaft. Felt real good to give my hot tool a little air to breathe.

"Just thought you might like a preview of the cock that's gonna plow your ass."

"Shoe-it," Buck said, "wanna see a real man's cock?" With that he lowered himself into the seat, unbuttoned his tight Levis, and pulled out 8 inches of hard, stiff cockmeat. He started pulling on his uncult manhood. "My nuts been churning ever since I got on the fuckin' plane!" He spit in his rough fist, laid his head back on the headrest, and went on stroking his hot cock.

Damned hard to concentrate on the freeway and traffic with two eager cocks standing straight in the air. My balls were ready to explode, but I was saving 'all that steamy cum for later. I had plans for unloading it all in this dude's tight asshole. So I did my damndest to ignore my own hard rod and watched Buck go to town on his.

With my left hand still on the wheel, one eye on the road, I reached over and slipped my hand under Buck's leather. "Goddamned t-shirt!" I grabbed the neck of Buck's t-shirt and ripped it open down to his navel. "That's better, fuck-up," I said, grabbing a fistful of the thick, coarse hair that covered Buck's hard chest. "Just wanted to see if there was a man under that fuckin' cotton."

"Aw right," Buck moaned, closing his eyes, his tongue wetting his parted lips. I scratched through the thick manhair on his chest and found his left nipple. Squeezing and pinching his hard extended nipple, rolling it between my fingers, with Buck pumping his cock harder and faster, the mushroom head swelling even larger as his huge fist beat up and down on the thick shaft of his great cock. "Oh yeah, fucker, pinch that tit."

My own cock was still rock-hard, aching and begging to be stroked and beaten. But . . . not yet. I directed all of the attention I could spare from aiming the car down the center lane to Buck. And he was giving that meaty all of his attention. The spit and the pre-cum juices made his cock glisten like hard muscle during a good workout. So as Buck went on pumping and pulling his cock; I raked my fingers over his chest, traced the hair down over his tense gut muscles.

"Oh, Jesus! I'm gonna shoot, man! Shit! Am I gonna cum!" I ran my hand back up over his chest and grabbed tit and pec all in one, squeezing with every bit of strength I could muster, a perfect clawhold clamped on his hard hairy pec. "Oh, shoe-it!" Buck moaned, his cock gliding up and down in his clenched fist like a piston. I tightened my grip on his pec as he raised his hips off the car seat, thrusting his crotch high in the air.

Then he shot. Long steady streams of creamy white cum spurted up over his chest, on my arm, on his leather. His tongue was lapping the corner of his mouth, and he was drawing long raspy breaths. He lifted his hand from his cock and grabbed my hand, still tightly clenched on his pec, and rubbed the cum through the black hairs on my forearm. He let go of my hand, I gave up on the claw on his tit and rubbed the back of my hand over his face, smearing his hot sticky cum all over his mouth and bearded chin. His tongue rolled out and licked the slimy cum off the hairs on the back of my hand.

Before he lowered his hips back to the seat, I lifted my hand high in the air and delivered a stinging slap to his balls. Buck's eyes flashed open. The air rushed out of his ass as if I had kicked him in the gut, and he sank down into the car seat.

"Well, hope you enjoyed that, shit-face, 'cause it's the last

time this weekend you're gonna use that cock unless I tell you to touch it, fucker!"

I painfully shoved my still-hard cock back into my jock and drove home.

Almost before I had gotten the words out, Buck was half-way inside the ring. It was evident that he was no stranger to ring combat from the way he heaved his powerful leg between the top and second ropes, ducked under, and pulled his other leg through, all the while pulling off his black leather jacket. When he straightened up in the ring corner, he hurled his jacket to the corner of the room. "I been ready, you yellow motherfucker!"

I'd never seen a man so eager, so ready to fight. He stood there in the corner, glaring at me on the outside, his eyes fiery with anger. Without speaking I pushed the door shut and flipped on the red overhead spotlight, filling the ring with a hot surreal glow. The light poured down on Buck's widespread shoulders and highlighted his manly musculature, grazing the thick blond hair that covered his hard chest and tight gut. As he stood there rubbing his fist in his palm, never once taking his relentless glare off me, I started to peel off my clothes. Dropped my leather jacket where I stood, walked around the ring to the corner opposite Buck, and climbed into the ring. I faced the stud fighter in the opposite corner, spread my feet in defiance, and unbuckled my studded belt. Slowly pulled the leather and metal through the loops of my Levis and draped the belt over the turnbuckle in my corner. Might want that later, I thought. Keeping a wary eye on the man who was so anxious to whip and win my ass, I unlaced my boots and kicked them off. Buck pulled off his boots and straightened up just as I was peeling off my Levis, pulling the denim over my legs made strong by hours of squats and running. And wrestling, of course. We continued without a word, both of us plotting attack strategies, till we stood facing each other in nothing but dirty cum-stained jockstraps.

I jerked on the top rope a couple of times to loosen my shoulders, then slowly stepped a few feet out of the corner and toward Buck. "Listen, motherfucker," I spit out at Buck, rubbing one hand through the black hair on my chest and with the other jabbing at him in hatred and challenge, "no one calls me yellow without paying for it! And you're gonna pay with a bloody ass!"

Buck's glare got harder, angrier. "Shut up and fight — you yellow-assed coward!"

We clenched fists and met in the center of the ring, circling and sparring, both of us landing a few hard slaps on the other stud's bearded face. We tied up collar-and-elbow in centering, pushing and straining, testing each other's strength, struggling for an advantage. The feel of Buck's rough hand on the back of my neck and his other on my hard bicep was enough to send hot tremors through my groin and cause my cock to stiffen. Just this initial contact, I could see, was enough to make Buck's jock bulge with hardness, too. But I couldn't afford to think about hard cocks right then — that's the easiest, surest way to lose your ass in a fight!

As we maneuvered around, straining muscle against muscle, Buck managed to back me up against the ropes. He pressed in tight to hold me there, angling for a position to start throwing punches. But I clamped his arms down, clenching him against me. "No you don't, fucker." I blurted out as I shoved him away toward mid-ring. We circled, tied up, and again Buck maneuvered me into the ropes. This time, before I could trap his arms, he leaned in chest-to-chest on me and drove a hard right to my gut. Stunned but unhurt, I retaliated with a forearm smash that caught the hunky blond squarely on the chin. Buck staggered back a few steps and I approached. In centering again, I threw a headlock on the stud and pulled him in tight against my side, wedging his head in a vise-like lock between my hairy forearm and straining bicep. Buck's arms snapped around my waist as I tightened the headlock, crushing his head with every ounce of strength in me. He tried to break my grip and power out, but to no avail. So he tried punching his way out, pounding his hard fist into my gut. Buck's punches were beginning to weaken my grip, but I was determined not to let this fucker slip away. Keeping his head clenched to my side, I threw two hard rights to the top of his blond head and retightened the headlock. Hearing this strong stud moaning from the pressure on his neck and head, I was filled with sadistic man torturing pleasure. I flashed on the sight of Buck

shackled in the corner with my fist plowing his ass.

That short lapse in concentration was enough to allow Buck to hurl me out of the headlock and into the ropes. The crafty blond fighter caught me on the rebound with a knee in the gut. I felt the air whooshing out of my lungs and I doubled over in pain. Buck then drove a knee-lift into my chest that sent me staggering back into the ropes, and he was on me again in a flash. The hairy fucker grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled me into a headlock of his own. Before I could power or punch my way free, Buck flipped me over his hip, leaving me sprawled out under him with his powerful arm still crushing my head.

Buck's headlock was a killer. The muscular weight of his torso held me down while his steely arm muscles kept my head clamped tightly. I nearly smothered with my mouth trapped in his hairy sweat-soaked armpit. The pungent man-sweat from this hunky stud's pit coated my beard and mouth and tongue, the smell filled me with fighting fury. I stuck both hands under Buck's bearded chin and tried to push his head back. But every time I thought I had the hold broken, Buck tightened his grip, nearly crushing my throbbing head in his powerful arm and imbedding my face farther into his smelly armpit. Finally I grabbed his hair, jerked his head back, and swung my leg up to trap him in a figure-four head-scissors.

Buck's headlock snapped loose and he rolled over, locked in my scissors, his face buried forcefully in my jock. I raised to my knees to increase the pressure on his head and force more of my weight on his face. My balls felt his hot panting breath through the soggy jockstrap. While my cock pounded inside the jock, I watched the muscles under the dude's hairy sweat chest as he writhed and twisted to escape the head-scissors. This'll calm his fuckin' ass down, I thought as I pounded my fist down in the center of his hard taunt chest. With every punch to his chest I could feel the fucker's pained face contorting in my crotch, soaking up the sweat and stench from my well-used dirty jock. I sensed the fight oozing out of him as he struggled to escape. My cock throbbed in eager anticipation of a quick victory and a long fuck up this man's hairy asshole.

But Buck hadn't spent 24 years on a Georgia farm without learning how to fight! I didn't even see his knee flying up toward me — but I sure as hell felt it when it clipped me on the side of the head. The blow stunned me and weakened my scissors on Buck's head. Instantly, I felt his massive thighs snap shut around my head and drag me over. Now each of us was clamped in the other's crotch. Buck's hot cock was rock-hard against my face, his thick hairy thighs clenched around my head, his breath still steaming my cum-filled balls. We struggled, welded together on our sides, fighting for an escape. I felt his powerful arms closing around my ribs and felt him squeeze me like a sack of feed. I returned the bearhug, grabbing him roughly around his ribcage and clamped him with every bit of power I could muster. It was endurance that would count now as we struggled there clenched together, our hard hairy bodies grinding together, the sweat matting us together, our cocks pounding each other's faces, all our muscles working to mangle and maul the other stud.

Before long Buck felt my grip weakening. I was still dazed, I figured, from the knee to the head — and it was far from fuckin' easy to breathe with my face buried in this hairy fucker's sweat-drenched jock. As I weakened, Buck rolled me over onto my back and freed his head from my thighs. I held on to the bearhug, but not for long after Buck let go of my torso, raised up, lifted his fist high into the air and drove it into my exposed gut. I've been punched and pounded by a lot of dudes, but no one had as much power in his fists as this fucker. More than hurt, I was pissed at myself for not fighting harder, dirtier than this bastard. Every time he pounded his fist into my gut, I got more pissed.

I managed to roll him over, but he kept the head-scissors intact. I knew that if I didn't break the goddamned scissors soon, if I didn't get my face out of his smelly crotch and get some air, Buck would win the fight and my ass. No way! On top of him now, I pinned his arms down with my knees and dug my fingers into his stomach muscles, my hands clawing into his gut like an eagle's talons piercing its hapless prey. I heard Buck groaning as I tightened my claw on his gut muscles, felt his legs slipping from around my head. I jerked my head out of his scissors and reared up on him. But Buck bolted. Threw me off before I could clear my head enough to attack. We rolled away from each other and raised to our knees.





We faced each other for a second, ready to pounce. Then Buck stood up, walked to his corner. "This goddamned thing gotta go," he snarled as he grabbed the waistband of his jock-strap and jerked it off. His cock sprang 8 inches long out of his jock and snapped to full attention. He dropped the jock outside the ropes and began pulling on his long manhood. "Shee-it," he moaned.

"Fine with me," I said, standing up and pulling off my own jock. "Just makes it easier for me to cram this meat up that ass of yours when I'm ready!"

Immediately Buck's attention snapped back to the fight. As we circled, the red spotlight made our sweaty bodies glow, showing off all the definition and musculature under our rough hairy skin, and our hard cocks bounced up and down as we maneuvered for position. We tied up again. Buck quickly clamped on a bearhug. His arms twined around my waist and jerked me into him, our chests crashing together, our hard cocks stabbing the other's groin. As he tightened his grip and tried to crush me against his powerful body, I could feel my strength leaving me like electric current flowing down my arms and out my fingertips. I had to fight back, fast. Buck held on to the bearhug as I maneuvered him back against the ropes. With both hands under his chin I shoved his head back over the top rope, but there was no pushing out of this stud's grip — he tightened the hold, grinding me even tighter against his massive chest. Each time he clamped a little harder, our cocks stabbed harder, deeper into each other's groin. The sweat rolled off my nose and dropped into the hairy crevice created by our clamped-together chests. Buck's powerful arms were like steel cables around my waist, and I was having one hell of a time breathing.

One more try! I shoved his head back again, held it back with a handful of his hair, and pounded my forearm into the dude's chest. The sound of sweaty skin smacking sweaty skin filled me with the fire of fight. I repeated the forearm smash, driving my solid-packed arm into the stud's chest again and again. With each smash to his chest, I felt his bearhug slipping, till finally his arms hung limp at his sides and I was literally holding him up to hit him. The sight of this powerfully built, hairy-chested blond stud hanging on the ropes near exhaustion from the pounding I was giving his chest made my cock jerk and throb with expectation. This time, I knew he was mine. Rubbing my cock and balls, I watched for a few seconds as Buck tried to regroup his forces. I knew I'd have to finish him off soon, before he recuperated fully. Finish him off fast and then have my pleasure with him!

As I approached for the kill, slightly crouched with fists clenched, Buck bounded off the ropes and drove his foot into my gut. Where does this bastard's strength come from, I wondered, doubled over. In an instant, Buck leapt into the air and came crashing down on my neck and shoulder with a vicious elbow smash that knocked me face-first on the mat. My head felt like it had been ripped off my fucking neck. Little brightly colored laser beams began to flicker before me on the black mat. But somehow I managed to make it to my knees. I lifted my head and saw Buck approaching me again, arms outstretched to grab hold of me. From my line of vision, I most clearly saw Buck's cock and balls nestled in thick brown hairs. If he gets me again, I thought, I'm done for!

Instinctively I lashed out with a wild, desperate hard right — not an aimed punch, just a hard right that I hoped would find some mark on the fucker's body and stun him long



enough for me to regroup. And the right landed, all right. I felt my fist driving into cock and balls, heard a loud agonized moan, and saw the hunky stud clutch his groin and fall over beside me. I was almost as stunned as Buck was from the punch. I hadn't consciously aimed for the dude's cock and balls, and I have to admit feeling a tinge of remorse about whatever damage, even if only temporary, that I had done to him. But shit, if a man's gotta fight dirty to protect his ass, then his opponent deserves whatever happens to him! During and after the fight!

I knew Buck was finished. As he lay there writhing in pain, I knew that his ass was mine for the taking. But I also knew that there had been no clear-cut submission and that I had to get those words out of him before I could claim the spoils of victory.

I pounced on the fallen stud and clamped on a full nelson and waist-scissors submission hold. My legs clenched his waist in an agonizing squeeze, as the full nelson wrenched the dude's neck and shoulder muscles. I felt my cock pressed tight into the crack of Buck's ass, felt it throbbing against his sweaty hairy ass cheeks.

"Give it up, fucker!" I demanded.

Buck just groaned. And "Unnnnhhhh!" does not count as a submission. I tightened the full nelson, feeling Buck's neck and shoulder muscles stretching and pulling under the pressure of the hold. "Come on, cocksucker! Submit!"

"All right, all right!" Buck gasped. "I give!"

"That's not a proper response, shit-head!" I clamped down on the scissors, certain that another ounce of pressure would cut him in half.

"All right!" Buck cried, "I submit, Sir!"

I relaxed the full nelson and the waist-scissors and let Buck's body rest on top of mine, his back on my chest, my cock still rubbing between his ass cheeks. I threw my right hand over his shoulder and caressed his pecs, massaging the hard muscles, pinching his tough nipples and letting my hand roam over the stud's sweat-soaked hairy chest. "That's better, boy," I said quietly. "That's much better."

We lay there for what seemed like hours. Neither of us moved, could move, so we rested there on the sweat drenched mat, my hand idly running through the hair on Buck's chest, my cock still pressed against his ass. Wasn't sure whether I had the strength for a full-blown scene with my victim, but I knew that I had worked fuckin' hard to claim the victor's just desserts. I wanted inside Buck's ass more than ever.

Buck wasn't stirring. The signs of the brawl we'd just had told even more on him than on me. I was sure he wasn't up for a long scene, either.

I eased him off my chest and down beside me. Raised up on one elbow and looked him over. I was proud of my prize. The red spotlight overhead was doing great things to his sweaty body. Every tired muscle in his body glowed in sweat under the light, every hair on his thickly matted chest glistened. And even though his hard cock was still poised for action, the rest of his hunky bod looked too spent, too exhausted for fun and games. I almost took pity on him.

Almost. I figured, shit, the dude knew what the stakes were, he knew he'd have to yield up that ass if he lost. If I had submitted, he sure as fuck wouldn't have spared me. Besides, if he was man enough to take the fight we'd just had he was man enough to take the rest of what I planned to dish out.



I nudged him. "Hey, boy, that was one hell of a fuckin' fight." I was sincere. No one had ever put up such a fight no one had ever come so close to whipping my ass! "Too bad you lost it, punk! Now you gotta pay for it."

Slowly, Buck got to his knees and faced me, head bent, hands clasped behind his back. "Yes, Sir; I know, Sir."

Looking at this tough son of a bitch stud before me on his knees and listening to his humble obedience, my strength surged through me. I rubbed my cock, so hard now that it ached for release. My balls were churning a full day's load of hot cum for this stud's ass, and I was eager to pump it into him.

I stood up before this hunky stud kneeling at my feet. Placed my feet outside his knees and rubbed my dick against the top of his head. Grabbing Buck by a handful of the hair on the back of his head, I lifted him to his feet and shoved him crashing shoulder first into the turnbuckles in the corner of the ring. Buck's muscular body went nearly limp as he hung over the top rope. I had to ignore the look of exhaustion and dread in his face. I spun him around, facing the corner.

Buck's muscle-heavy arms lifted without resistance over his head where I guided his wrists into the handcuffs fastened to an eyehook at the top of the ring frame. The muscles of his sweaty back glowed. And that hard tight ass just waiting for its conqueror's cock. I grabbed his cheeks with both hands and began roughly massaging the hard muscles of his ass. Buck's eyes closed, his mouth parted. His head rested lamely against his upstretched arms. The harder I kneaded his ass muscles, the louder Buck moaned. The stud leaned heavily against the ring corner, hanging by his wrists, as his muscles relaxed. I opened my right hand, swung it back far behind me, and slapped Buck's ass with a loud, stinging blow. Buck's eyes shot open, his head jerked, and his ass muscles tightened. Again and again I slapped the dude's milky white, hairy ass, till it glowed as red as the spotlight overhead.

As Buck relaxed, I dropped to my knees and spread his feet in the corner. I used the ropes tied to the eyehooks on the floor to tie his feet to the two by four braces supporting the ringpost. His feet now tightly bound and spread, Buck's

ass was even more inviting to my hard, eager cock.

"That'll hold ya, fucker." I pulled the ropes to make sure his feet were tightly secured, and stood up.

I ran my hands up and down Buck's sides and over his shoulders and back, kneading and squeezing the muscles of his powerful back. Moving closer I pressed my dick between Buck's ass cheeks, rubbing my hard manflesh in the sweaty, hairy crack of his ass. I was damned near crazy with anticipation of driving my cock into this fighting stud's asshole. After all, I'd won that ass and it was mine.

My cock ached. It had to get inside this man's hole. I wrapped my left arm around Buck's tight waist and pulled him back tighter against my dick. Filled my right hand with a glob of spit and rubbed it up and down over my rock-hard shaft. My balls were stinging and burning with hot cum ready to explode into Buck's gut.

I couldn't stand it any longer. My cock probed the crack of Buck's ass and found the stud's fuck hole. His ass felt steamy hot against the head of my dick. I tightened my grip around his waist and grabbed a handful of his hair. With one quick, forceful jerk, I shoved my cock several inches into the stud's shit chute.

Just as my dick rammed into his asshole, Buck bolted. His head jerked back. His ass muscles tightened. As he lunged forward against the turnbuckles, his ass slid off the end of my cock.

"Goddamn You!" I bellowed at him, I drew back and drove my fist into his back, right between the shoulder blades. Buck crashed chest-first into the turnbuckle. "What the fuck you think you're doing, you dirty mother fucker!" I pounded him again with a forearm across his shoulders. "You lost that goddamned worthless ass, punk, and now it's *mine*!" Again I smashed my fist into his back. "Now you give it up, fucker!"

To keep him in place this time and to make sure he didn't bolt off my cock again, I snaked my left arm around his head and clamped on a chinlock. With my right hand I once again guided my dick to the opening of his ass. Slowly but steadily I pushed the head of my cock through Buck's tight ass, not stopping until his shit chute had swallowed a full 7 inches



of manflesh Buck groaned in pain — but he didn't move! I felt his body trying to ease up off my cock, but the chinklock I kept clamped on his head held him securely in place. I shoved my cock deeper into the stud's ass.

Finally, after all the waiting, all the jacking off with his photo in one hand, all the work, and all the hard-assed fightin' finally my cock was inside this hunky fighter's ass! And Jesus-jumping-up-Christ, did it feel great! Buck was not one to yield up his ass easily or often, that stud's ass was the tightest I've ever climbed into. The muscles of his ass clamped down on my cock as tightly as my arm clamped the dude's head. I began pumping my hard meat in and out of his asshole, pulling back till the head almost popped out and then easing it all the way back in. Buck's hot tight ass muscles showed no sign of relaxing. I warned him.

"You better relax that ass, shit-head, or I'm gonna tear it up!"

No response. I pumped harder and faster, and still the stud's ass refused to relax and allow its conquering owner free reign.

"All right, stupid fucker, make it harder on yourself!" With that I grabbed the top rope of the ring. Without letting my cock out of Buck's firm asshole, I placed my feet on the bottom ring rope. "Now fight it all you want to! I'm gonna plow that ass!"

Standing on the bottom rope and steadying myself with the top rope, I leaned back, thrust my groin forward, and pulled myself up into Buck with one forceful lunge. My cock plowed its full length into the stud's tight hole. Buck writhed in pain, trying to climb the ringpost and get off my cock. But the ropes around his ankles held him in place and prevented his escape.

"Oh, see-it!" he moaned. "Fuck, you're killing me!"

"Shut the fuck up, boy. I told you you were just making

it harder on yourself. Now you take it, fucker!"

Again and again I shoved my cock full-length up into the dude's hole, each time pulling myself up by the top ring rope to drive my dick even deeper into his gut. With each thrust, Buck grunted louder and longer. Listening to this he-man stud grunting like a pig on the end of my dick made me even more determined to fuck Hell out of him.

Buck finally relaxed, more from exhaustion than from muscle control. I pumped harder and faster, bouncing on the bottom ring rope and forcing my hot rod all the way into his gut. When I could feel my steamy cum about to pulse from my balls into my cock, I grabbed hold of the ring frame above Buck's head and drove deeper and deeper into his shit hole.

"Oh, fuck!" he screamed. "Jesus! Ah, cum in me — god-damn-it, please, Sir, please cum in me, Sir!"

"What did you say, boy," I panted.

"Please, Sir — please cum in my ass, Sir!"

My balls were ready to bust with hot sticky cum. I pounded his ass even harder, my balls slapping against his ass, my cock plowing up into his hole. I bounced on the ropes and pounded into him like a jack-hammer.

"Oh, Jesus," I moaned as I felt myself about to shoot off. "Oh, yeah, here it comes, boy, here it comes."

I shot off. Deep into Buck's ass, the hot cum splurged out of my cock in streams that seemed to last forever. I felt my cock jerk inside Buck's ass with each spurt of slimy cum. Only now did I notice the burning salty sweat running into my eyes.

I put my feet back on the floor, ran my hands over this strong fucker's arms, massaging the hard sore muscles. I leaned in against him and rested a few minutes, my chest pressed against his warm wet back, my cock still filling his ass. I buried my face in the nape of his neck and licked his salty sweat — our sweat, my sweat — from his neck and shoulders. I wrapped my arms around his chest, played with the wet hair on his



hard body.

Buck gasped when I pulled out of his ass. I gave him the back of my hand across his backside and he muttered, "Thank you sir."

I stood eyeing him with a sense of pride in the fine ass I had won and possessed. Stepping outside the ring, I unlocked one of Buck's hands from the cuffs.

"O.K., you have permission to use that hand on your own cock again, boy. I told you I might let you use it."

He thanked me again and while I stood and watched this humbled muscle-machine pump his big dick for my amusement, I admired his sense of sportsmanship. Shit, it must be killing him to stand there in front of me, chained to the wall, humiliating himself this way. I loved every minute of it.

In case you're wondering, yeah, the ad is still running and the challenge is still on. And I have met and tangled with a few good, hunky fighters. But compared with this stud of a Greek farmboy, none of those is worth mentioning or, for that matter, remembering. Maybe that's why I've kept him around.

See, Saturday night following our bout, we upped the stakes to permanent possession. Now that was a wrestling match to remember. But that's another story.

NEXT: THE OTHER STORY

ON THE MAT

DRUMMER readers who would like to take on Hank Trout can do so by looking in the Drumbeats section of this issue for his current ad. And, wrestling itself has taken on new perspectives with things like the New York City Wrestling Club, The Windy City Wrestling Club, and the various support groups and organizations that encourage man-to-man wrestling contact.

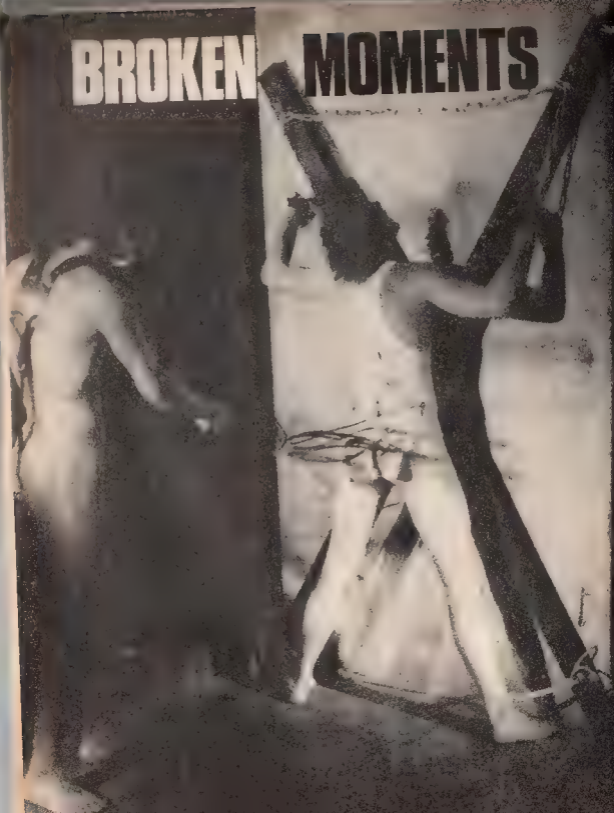
The New York City Wrestling Club issues a newsletter with photos, information, and ads. It comes out 4 times a year, and may be contacted by writing: NYWC Newsletter, Nazarene Enterprises, 59 West 10th Street, New York, NY 10011. The Windy City Wrestling Club can be contacted at Steamworks, 3131 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60657.

There is also the Los Angeles Wrestling Club, c/o The Gym, 5919 Franklin, Los Angeles, CA 90028, and the San Francisco Wrestling Club, 172 Prentiss, San Francisco, CA 94110.

DRUMMER artist Matt, who created our 1980 Wrestling Calendar, will have a show of his work at Stompers, 259 West Fourth Street, New York, NY 10014 opening April 13th. Matt at Stompers is a combo worth seeing!

BROKEN

MOMENTS



BY JASON KLEIN

An Excerpt From the Novel BUGS

My face was dripping with the heat of wanting to be mean, and everybody in the trashcan knew it. Black leather kept its distance. I searched all the strange faces, watching how they used their drinks or licked their crystals while stalking each other's eyes.

The bionic dwarf and my dogs would have been too familiar for this mood. I was feeling predatory. I wanted a body I didn't understand yet, a fresh hunk who was as hungry to be abused as I was sweating to be mean.

I was posing in a trashcan called the Ledge, looking for a tail between hoping legs when I met instead my equal, a clear allice of manhood with stallion eyes. Naturally the only end to our meeting was a stalemate. I stood next to him, no crystals in hand, my bone growing, admiring his tight body. I decided he was worth a move and moved.

I squeezed the back of his neck and shouted through the noise into his smug interest, "How far do you take your bondage?"

He stalled, then laughed and eyed me sideways. "That's some question."

I looked at him, waiting for an answer, and getting none, put his ear into my mouth. "So what's the answer?"

His smile stiffened. "Very far."

My bone squeezed down the length of my leg. "In either direction?"

"That depends."

Suddenly I was not so sure I wanted to be mean, and I resented my confusion as much as I lost patience with this man's evasions. "For example?"

The slice of his frown was hiding either the face of my master or the face of somebody who didn't have his story ready. His face indicated I was asking too many questions, so I put his ear into my mouth again. "You don't want to talk about it, do you?"

He nodded he didn't, and I shut him out fast. Frost for frost, I was in no mood to bring him home only to discover he was my mistake. Too many boast about how rough they are, only to start howling before I even finish tying their hands. I play rough, but I've learned to free them when they bawl that easily.

Still, I hoped this man would serve me a move, but he was no more willing to give than I was. He was too clear, so clear I almost switched blades and considered asking, "You'll put me in tears before the night is through?"

My mouth stayed shut, and my eyes hunted elsewhere. With a question like that, I would only be opening my belly to unnecessary humiliation.

For the rest of the night we avoided each other, one of us always within sight of the other, but always holding opposite sides of the can. I fantasized lines to feed him.

"I've been in this trash long enough to know there are few who like it as rough as I do. I have not been here long enough to find someone who can break me."

The Pit would have something to say about that. "So, 21 has yet to find someone who can break him." Click. Cattle prods grinding into the bloodless burst of my pathetic body dripping upside down for endless hours, teeth shredding gags.

I should have asked him if he'd ever hung upside down for an hour or two.

I should have just aimed and asked him if he wanted to play. But last night a stalemate was a stalemate, so I took the man out of my head and stuffed the predator back in.

An obvious dog stepped into my territory, hoping. He was scraggly on the edges, but nicely muscled. I grabbed the chain around his neck and poked my finger into his mouth, pretending to check his teeth while my leg checked the hardening bulge in his crotch. "You like to be tied up, boy?"

"I don't know, Sir."

I shot a look into his eyes, probed the depths of his return, and calmed his fear by gently massaging his jaw. "You will be tied up."

"Yes, Sir."

"Move it." I grabbed his ass and marched him out of the trashcan into a cold drizzling night. He showed me his bed, and I ordered him to strip. His naked body shivered like

dead leaves.

"Are you cold, boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good."

I touched his belly, stroked it while working his bone and bags in my hands. I said, "Good." I touched his bone and bags in my hands and watching how he tensed. I wanted no time tying his hands and feet to the cage. I let him only so he was definitely mine, but not so tight yet that he would panic. Already he was shaking violently. This boy may have been obvious, but he was hardly experienced.

I had me a virgin to rope - so afraid of what he wanted he forgot what he had come for. I was not yet sure if he had come to be dominated or humiliated.

I saw fear in his eyes, all anticipation lost, so I latched his thighs until his body was moaning loudly, then chined and stroked until his moans tightened and he did not mind being bound more securely.

I pulled the ropes taut, then grabbed his hair and ripped his face, forcing him to gag on my bone's length until the back of his throat was slimy slick and his belly pulsing with some discipline. His bone was busting, so my bone continued beating his mouth. I worked him into an easy spill, then backed away, watching how he collapsed and calmed.

My newfound dog blinked at me, happy, "I understand. It's the feeling of being helpless, at your mercy."

"You only think you understand, boy." Quick I gagged him with his dirty socks and worked his bone when it least wanted to be touched. He struggled the way I like a dog to struggle, tensing and twisting as violently as possible, tripped between screaming and laughing. I slapped his bags for a gasp, then reached for more rope.

Fear filled his face at the realization that I was not yet finished. I bound his knees together, tightening even more the spreadeagle I had him in. His screams, muffled, his body beginning to hurt, I confused him with a pleasing sensation. Then I bound his bows and worked him further. With the first spill out of the way, I was ready to introduce this dog to the monster between his legs. Before I was done, he would know the fury and the horror of endless orgasms.

It took me all night, and more erotic coaxing than fierce pain, but eventually I had him tangled in rope and enjoying whatever abuse I gave him. As soon as he spilled and crashed under unexpected pain, I tightened him inside a more brutal web, then built his pain to an even higher pitch only to overwhelm it with all the euphoria I could work out of his bone and bags, licking his muscles and slapping his protests until he spilled again.

I sensed the beginnings of idolization, so I whipped him until he was furious, then squelched his anger by working for a final spin. He blubbered, unable to avoid the agonizing excitement, orgasmed screaming without shooting, then sank, too exhausted to resist anything more.

I forced a ring gag into his mouth to keep it open, then stood over him and pissed into his face. He gazzled, totally resigned. I saw his raw bone grow even then, and I knew I had done well. Humiliation was what he had come for. Humiliation is what he got, and in the end his sore body curled out of a sweat-soaked bed into my lap. I stroked him to sleep, watching how he smiled.

Once he was deep in dreams, I laid him out on his bed, put him in his shackles, and left the key by his side. Stepping out into the rain for a long walk home, I was so calm I watched the light of morning reach into the city and did not mind.

"OK, boy. You're going to get it right this time."

"Yes, Sir, J.R. . . ."

REVISION 1292D

Civilization works by making you feel small. It belittles your individuality, degrades you for deviating from the contrived norm, then shames you for having put your society through the bother. And you deserve it because you are a child and a damn nuisance. Suddenly it is a crime to do have or want anything unless your society says you can. You resist at first, but by the time you're being potty-trained, you are serving your society forever.

Nobody enjoys serving their society. Fantastic or depressed, they do it because it is their duty, and because life is too serious to enjoy, enshrined with solemn vows and whispered

supplications.

Should you fail to appreciate the seriousness of serving, your society threatens you with criminalization and damnation. Frightened and feeling guilty, you remain obediently small.

This is a power game. This is SM conventionalized into a style of living, societies where people are set against themselves and even more so against one another. It is mass neurosis in progress.

I knew the medicine I needed, but I couldn't get it without professional approval, so I had to visit the dermatologist. He was clear man, in a frozen sort of way, but he didn't have a chance to frost at my independent attempts to cure myself. His first glance between my legs amazed him.

The dermatologist said, intuitively analytical, "I've seen ringworm before, but never a ring on the scrotum."

"I was in a state of panic... ringworm?"
"I've seen ringworm before, but never a ring on the scrotum."

I heard him the first time. What was his point?
He repeated himself again, but with more warmth.
"Huh?"

"Your ring." His finger skipped touching it.

"Oh, yeah." Finally I realized he was staring at the metal ring in my bag.

"Why? I've seen pierced nipples but never... He noticed the ring underneath as well."

"For aesthetics." I didn't care what he asked. I was too relieved just to know he wasn't telling me I had ringworm.

He thought the fungus might not be fungus. Might be an allergic reaction to the metal rings.

I assured him my crotch was only inflamed because of the powder I was using. It had to be a fungus since the powder cured so much the first night.

He filled out a prescription for the latest herb, then stressed I was to call him and let him know how well it worked. I'm also supposed to call to be sure the growth he sliced off my leg isn't any worse than the technical term he threaded through my ear. I asked for a biological explanation of his

medical explanation and had to settle for a repeat of the technical term.

I should have told him about wanting the rings because they make me feel more like an animal.

MASS NEUROSIS

Anxiety is an emotional turmoil desperate for direction. Charged with fears and doubts, it can be reactive, resolving its desperation by focusing on a specific concern; or it can be diffuse, without direction or motivation, its desperation suspended and therefore resistant to resolution. This diffuse anxiety is usually subconscious and manifests itself as seriousness. If the desperation is suspended long enough, its energy dissipates and sobriety becomes apathetic, desperation incapable of resolution, and insecurities fixated.

Anxiety evolved as a mechanism for quickly responding to attack or peril. Its desperation was not meant to be suspended indefinitely until apathetic. Chronic anxiety is a mental disorder. It is neurosis, mass neurosis when conventionalized.

By belittling and degrading anyone's individuality, conventionalized SM generates a common anxiety, then diffuses it during the early years of training. Unable to resolve our desperation, we force it out of awareness and become serious. The conventionalized SM reinforces this seriousness with religious and political delusions which act either as a narcotic to encourage apathy or as a decoy for those whose energy will not dissipate, the decoy drawing their anxieties out of the subconscious and focusing them into a lust for power and glory.

The delusional action of these delusions allows conventionalized SM to breed two types of people—those who will let themselves be controlled and those who want to control. The power game acquires its players, all of them chronically anxiety ridden, the convention makes the rules and mass neurosis sets them into action.

The SM of sexual fantasy, erotic SM, is merely a reflection of its conventional form. It does not exist as an element of mass neurosis, but as a compensation for it. By eroticizing the conventional power game into a context for fantasy, sexual SM allows the participants to play parts of the power game they aren't playing in their everyday lives. Usually the fantasies allow the players to take roles opposite those they have in reality, but occasionally the fantasy simply exaggerates the everyday roles to an extreme that reality would not allow. Either way, the object is to release suppressed emotions. Fantasies are a response to unresolved anxiety, just as anxiety is a response to danger.

Fantasy lets you focus some diffuse anxiety, give it a direction, and release it. Dreams release the subtler anxieties, those originating and unresolved during the course of a day or two. The longer the anxieties persist, the more fixed they become, requiring more violent emotions to resolve them.

Erotic SM's major potential is in its violence. The more intense the erotic SM, the more violent the emotions it releases. Erotic SM therefore has the potential to resolve some of our most fixated anxieties—those that have persisted since childhood, those that have us serving our society.

No conventional system will tolerate this. Mass neurosis is more difficult to maintain if its chronic anxieties are being focused and resolved without social regulation, thus lessening the seriousness or apathy with which people will serve. For this reason alone, the convention has duped its neurotic masses into believing that fantasy play, especially erotic SM, is more neurotic than their conformity.

"I'm harmless," whispered the bionic dwarf.

My arms were tightly roped together over the bag around my head, and I was hanging by my wrists, dripping, the rest of me bundled in thick cellophane wrapped all about and binding my ankles to my rump. My knees struggled for some ground. My bags stung, fierce, tied taut behind me to my wrists. Lead-weighted clamps pulled my nipples down, biting, and the boots strung to my harnessed bone were filling with water to pull my crotch even lower, all of me panicking and groping against the slipping of my wrists when slipping threatened to pinch and rip by bloody bags off. I grabbed chains and balanced a horrendous agony, choking.

"I'm harmless," the bionic dwarf whispered again.

I snickered past my gag.



Fear and guilt alone are not enough to suspend desperation forever and so keep large masses of people obediently small. Eventually their resentment of being belittled and demeaned will surpass their fear and shame, and they will rebel.

Any large-scale society failing to give its people a strong reason not to rebel will inevitably deteriorate under political or religious revolutions.

The most persistent large-scale societies have given people so many reasons not to rebel that they have become perfectly apathetic. Two of the more successful apathies have been poverty and materialism. The poor are too busy staying alive to worry about how big they are. The materialistic are so busy impressing themselves with the grandeur of their trinkets that they don't care how small they themselves are. Only when catastrophe, intellectuals or lunatics start putting ideas into their heads are they likely to revolt.

The most successful deterrents to rebellion have been the delusions of grandeur, normality and righteousness. All of these delusions endear the individual to its society, righteousness binding the individual to its abuse, grandeur creating the illusion of importance, and normality eliciting a desire to conform. Conformity is reciprocated with more delusions, becomes addictive, then pervasive, and finally establishes a sense of group identity. Individual and society become symbolically and emotionally identical.

People are not going to rebel against the only thing that lets them feel important, especially when rebellion also creates the impression that they are rebelling against themselves. Instead, they feed society by wanting it to be big, and the society feeds them by growing, seeming increasingly important, thus enhancing how abusive it can become. This allows the power game to complicate itself and generate more insecurities. The individual remains little under delusions of importance, and in a multiplication of anxieties, each new generation becomes more neurotic than the generation that preceded it. There are two counter forces to this — a natural selection for genetic apathy, and whatever love people manage to retain for one another.

Mass neurosis has created increasingly complicated civilizations, and today most people are so insecure that they need to feel as big as a nation. Nationalism in a nutshell.

My Master did not like it when I sank my teeth into His shoulder. He tortured me in ways I prefer to keep private, and when He had me so I was almost dead with exhaustion, then He had me screaming and tossing against the side of my head. By the time He really was shaving my head bare, I bawled, pissing in a fear and anger I have never known before.

I had to face reality and grab it back in the middle of a fantasy. I had to shout, "I'll do anything you want. Any thing, Sir. Anything, just stop, please." And then I had to face my Master and, cold as ice, state, "If you don't stop now, that's it. You'll never have me again. Never." Everything about me had to convince Him that this was not another one of my antics. I had to convince Him in the middle of His fantasy that we had a reality to deal with.

I almost made the mistake of adding that He'd have to kill me to have me, but suddenly I was smart enough to shut up and tempt Him no further. If I had tempted Him further, He would have shown me just how much I really did want to live. What He did to prove I best never again sink my teeth into Him, never attack Him in any manner — proving that to me was horrible enough. It went beyond erotic, which can only be erotic once. I guarantee you. Exploring is one thing. Exploring can make you feel gigantic; but feeling suicidal is sickening.

Looking death in the face has a way of enhancing your appreciation of living. The absolute of its unknown will scare you out of apathy into a much stronger will to live passionately. Civilization keeps you from looking at death by isolating you from it; religion by telling you it doesn't exist. As long as notions of an after-life make the reality of termination, you will never seriously evaluate your self and your brief life. This is an effective method of domestication because the less people understand themselves, the easier they are to manipulate, riddle with guilt, and frighten into remaining little.

Avoiding the reality of death also facilitates suicide. In or out of fantasy, suicidal behavior happens when somebody is being cornered so thoroughly that their only escape is death.

The less frightening death is, the more people will allow themselves to be cornered, the more readily they will assume they have no other escape and actually resort to suicide.

Having minimized the natural inhibition against suicide, society has to inhibit it with social disapproval. That society even has to deal with suicidal urges is evidence enough of mass neurosis.

When somebody has you tied down and they start doing things you don't want done to you, you either confront the reality of your predicament and modify it for the better, or you succumb to it, frightened out of living into making it worse than it need be.

If you have the will or strength to deal with it, being tied down can be as erotic as you want, or as dangerous as you are foolish. If in reality you are tied down by somebody you can trust and more than anybody else, you can completely let go of reality and thrash out your anxieties inside a violent fantasy. When the fantasy becomes too frightening, you return to the reality of who is scaring the worms out of you, fortify your fears, then plunge back into the fantasy that he is dangerous.

This exercises your capacity to distinguish between reality and fantasy — another reason for duping the neurotic masses into believing that fantasy play is more neurotic than conformity. The conventional power game cannot afford any activity which might open people's eyes to the possibility that their reality is narcotic with delusions and that religion is one of them. Any loss of credibility would undermine religion's disciplinarian role and weaken the power game.

Whether the reality is a life of too little danger or too many insecurities, fantasy is its safety valve. Fantasy focuses subconscious anxieties on imaginary problems or dangers and so releases some of those anxieties. Without such a safety valve, we remain as neurotic as our environment is oppressive.

In erotic SM, the safety valve is an understood fantasy and uses ropes, chains, whips and a wide variety of tortures kept within the healthy limitations of a mutual consent.

In conventionalized SM, the safety valve is a fantasy pretending to be reality and uses hate — hate of a common enemy.

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and of the supposedly weird, perverse or inferior, all contrived as dangerous or deserving of abuse. Without these "whipping boys" (man and woman), the common masses would have to look at themselves and for once take responsibility for their own inadequacies. This is hardly conducive to a prosperous future.

Why am I writing this?

What I don't understand about erotic SM is that it is erotic. They don't understand that not everybody reacts the same way to the same stimulus, that pain can be pleasurable, and humiliation glorifying. They haven't the imagination to understand it, even when it's so close to home.

That's why erotic SM should be limited to those who do find it erotic. Otherwise there is no pleasure, only a multiplication of anxieties sometimes extending into self-destruction.

Responsibility. We have to take responsibility for ourselves and the potentials of our actions.

I need to reconsider my Master. He's knocked the confidence out of me, and there's no ground for it. I had my feet on the ground to begin with. I don't need to start questioning what has been healthy for me for the past twenty years. Only what has become unhealthy in the past week.

I think He's too dangerous to be trusted even if He does buzz my bone. Why do all the clear ones have to be so dangerous? If they're not dangerous, they're boring. Where is my Lord Charming?

Get hold of yourself, boy.

Yes, Sir.

When somebody has you tied down and starts doing things you really don't want done to you, you either deal with it and survive, or you allow it to overwhelm and destroy you, piece by piece.

In this way, erotic SM allows you, forces you to accustom yourself to pain, to confront it and resolve it. As pain becomes easier to handle, it also becomes less of a reason to

withdraw from living and you find yourself confronting more in your everyday life.

You just have to make sure your durability doesn't become insensitive.

It was one of those nights when I was alone and I preferred it be done to me my way, so I tied my feet in moccasins and strung them up in the shower, racing against the load of my bladder and whimpering upside down. Me, the Master, slapped me; and me, the slave, roared and fought against blinding my left arm behind my back. Knees bound, face helplessly in the path of anything coming from my groin, I turned on the cold water and gasped, pissing. I drank my bladder dry, but only after my Master slapped me with my right hand, shouting at me for trying to keep my face out of the hot spray of several beers turned to cream soda.

And for this I am sicker than all the people who will allow their corporations to exterminate them by the billions in the name of god, city, and even the family. I am sick because in a worldwide madness I will do anything to keep me sane - safer and certainly more aware than those who will march to war even when the war is to profit the rich, not to protect the city, rich and poor alike.

Isn't it obvious even now, fifty years after nuclear war massacred everybody north of the equator just for the sake of a little oil? Isn't it obvious when all those nations of people didn't even object while they had the time? We know they could have had the sun twenty years before they exploited the Middle East. How crazy does the world have to be before we realize we are not all right? We are stinking neurotic and we better do something about it before there isn't even anybody south of the equator.

As for being bound under a cold shower and forced to piss into his own face, the astronomy professor owed it. He had the advantage of me knowing what was happening to him before he did. I had already learned it was better to use hot water and force him to shoot in the shower before stringing his wet body upside down to shiver dry and somewhere in the meantime have no choice but to piss into his own face.



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In the terror of confronting reality too late, America lost its sanity under Mom and the corporate god. In the Hanging Gardens of the Latter-Day Saints, Mom hung all her pussy-boys from the pillars to publicly display their lobotomies, and the blacks were finally made white, ashes in the wind across smoking crosses. Mass neurosis trying to escape nuclear war by worshipping the hate that was America tired of being pushed around by the rest of the world, tired of being picked on when the economic chips were down, tired and angry enough to prove to the world just how powerful and rich American technology and know-how could be.

Mass neurosis trying to escape nuclear war by worshipping the same hate that pushed an American button and in thirty minutes obliterated the Middle East, the Soviets, America the land of the free, and everything in between. Who is sick and who is sick?

Sometimes I feel like a dog who needs his boy Daniel as much as he needs a master. You, Sir, I also feel like a father with his oldest kid and a boss. If not a boss, at least a hero. For some fathers, the hero is God, but not for me. No gods for me. Only Masters who are erotic.

Am I going through my porno god phase?

Sounds a bit melodramatic, but in a neurotic society, reality is melodramatic. Certainly what I am doing would not come out of Disney, but what else is there in a black and white society? Tragedy?

How little we understand decadence.

If only I lived in a society of porno gods. We would laugh and call it wild - hot and hairy, sweating deep in laughter instead of floating on edge.

The porno god phase is puberty having a wild time instead of cringing in the corner as if there's a monster between its legs. Better a Master than a monster.

Anything we do is ultimately healthier when done in the public eye (or at least with others) than when done alone. This is because we are inherently social and need the stimulation and approval of others. Without them, we begin to pick on ourselves under majestic delusions. The self-exploration that would otherwise be healthy becomes self-destructive. There is no escaping the madness of isolation, be you a hermit or the socially elite standing in mass neurosis.

Anything we do is ultimately healthier when done in the public eye. This is assuming, of course, the public eye is healthy.

I stomped into Darren's pod and pointed at my boot. "Lick that boot, boy."

Darren looked astonished.

I grabbed him by the hair and shoved his surprise into the floor where the tip of my boot waited for me to release him.

Darren confused, licked my boot.

I slapped myself into the back of a chair and laughed as he licked more feverishly. "What a sight for sore eyes!"

The rest of the night I was his cowboy, roped and struggling.

The astronomy professor thought himself quite stinky, having pissed into my ring-gagged mouth while I hung upside down, mummified and puffing. Some people stink too easy, so I spread his legs and tied them down behind his head, tying them to the same posts his hands were tied to. Then I stood back to admire his naked contortion, his ass in the air and his bags hanging over his face. I connected his bone to his mouth with a rubber hose, shoved a couple dildoes into his poophole, and whipped him into a fury. I whipped him until he would have killed me if he could, but he couldn't, so I whipped him even more.

By the time I stunk so much I needed to shower more than once, he was blubbering he didn't mean it.

"Mean what, boy?"

"About wanting you to break me," he sobbed, gulping "Sir."

"We never want to be broken, boy. We only think we want to be broken." I slapped his ass and worked the dildoes up and down, churning his cream to butter before I forced him to spill it and eat it. If he didn't lick the rubber hose clean,

he would have to take his spill as it came, drip by drip.

I laughed so he felt ridiculous, then checked the clock. I figured the ten beers I had cajoled into him should be overloading his bladder just about...

His whimpering changed. Definitely the sort of worry you would expect from somebody who could barely breathe and was about to drown himself by losing control of his own bladder.

Worry flexed into resignation, and at last he pissed. The hose hissed. I let him drink until he choked, yanked the line out and held it up so whatever more he pissed would fill it while he caught his breath.

"Drink." I forced the hose back into his mouth, soda spilling and bubbling up out of his sputter, soaking the band-aids around his head. My own bladder's load was clear, so I emptied it on his head to soak it more.

He swore he'd kill me, but now that he's home with his lover, he has settled for simply never talking to me again. I give him a week, two at the most, before he's back at my feet, begging for a tidbit.

I opened my muscles to the mingle and scatter of unhinged seas, their sheen sliding and seething into a golden cool boil. I bared my body and let it breathe wide in winds flapping thick with seaweed. I footed the sandy twilight of a shore rich in molten colors, and in my solitude, I danced. I drifted with the noise flashing and filling all that was around me, my body flowing, muscles sliding into patterns and translations before the skating ruffled waves, lips bubbling, foaming, swinging across the beach in icy sheets fluttering across my unhurried whirrs and drawing my release into their withdrawal. I timed my motions with the pendulum sea, interacted with the vectors of its force, and sailed through space, sculpturing male beauty with a power kinetic. I put my head to the sand and rose, spread my legs into the soft sun's light and stood on the floor of the sky before sailing into the reality of my legs. Alone in a rush of open spaces, free to move where I wanted, glorious with the power of being.

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DRUMMER views the Flicks



In one of the first scenes in Bob Guccione's massive self-indulgence of a movie the title character, Caligula, is visiting his grandfather, the Emperor Tiberius. The two men—Caligula played by Malcolm McDowell and Tiberius by Peter O'Toole—walk through the massive fantasy construct on that Tiberius has created for himself. Hundreds of mostly naked, a most universally attractive extras indulge in an awesome spectrum of sexual variations, from a compelling male masturbation scene, to a woman who spreads her legs for an ingenious contrivance device, to an orgy, to S&M, to... In the midst of the bacchanalia, Tiberius turns to the east and screams out, "More Conviction."

And, he's not just talking to the extras. What this whole movie needs is more conviction.

The first half of the film is about the rise of Caligula to the Roman throne. The stunning sex scenes carry this part of the luscious production, turning it into a beautiful, almost voyeuristic voyage. You're able to ignore the inane dialogue, forget the semblance of a plot and just drink up the male and female images that romp across the screen. It's only when the film pretends to have a message that it falls apart, and then it does so completely. Any serious moments that exist in this first half are horrendous flaws, disruptive swipes at the viewer's enjoyment. And, when the film progresses into the second half with a firm

desire to be a serious motion picture, it becomes an embarrassment. In this second half, which portrays Caligula as Emperor, the sex and the nudity come less and less, and the movie works less and less, to the point of boredom and extinction of purpose.

Bob Guccione has an eye for beautiful pornography. He should have kept his vision there. Instead he wants to score points about the degeneration of society, the drive to hedonism. One look at his own publicity photos, with his uninspiring chest coated with tacky—even if real—gold chains and you know this man should have stayed in his Jersey suburbian home. This is no philosopher, folks, not at all. This is a man who knows a good piece of female flesh when he sees one—and surprises isn't at all bad when he picks out male flesh either. But save the thinking to someone else.

One stray thought goes through your mind while you watch the movie: how, in the name of God, did he ever get Peter O'Toole, John Gielgud and Malcolm McDowell to do this to themselves? Their performances are ludicrous; their lines are absurd; their costumes are silly. Yet, these are major actors. Are movie stars as crassly concerned with money as we've always thought? These men's presence in this project certainly would seem to be proof. I kept on wondering what drags they used to get through the nightmare scenes they had to wade through. (Probably the most funny is

McDowell's and sex with his own—yes, really.)

The strangest part is that I'm going to end up recommending that you see this weird movie. After all is said and done, it certainly remains the most extravagant pornographic film ever made, anywhere, any time. There are moments of utter stupidity when the straightness of the writers and directors displays itself too apparently—they obviously know nothing about f*cking. Caligula fans: his beringed paw on some poor girl's ass in one stroke.

There is also a strangeness to how much of what sex is portrayed. There is no lack of homoerotic in the film. Yet then, there's no lack of any sex—pass, lesbian, S&M, you name it, it's all there. The problem is that there's barely a touch of any one kind of sex to make an impact—even heterosexual missionary position doesn't really get its due. You go so quickly from one hard cock to one wet cunt to a flogging to straight fucking to gay sucking that you never get a glimpse of any one of them in a sexually register.

The place where the film is most at its best is its portrayal of S&M. It should be apparent that anyone who's not really into S&M sees it as a hard, brutal, violent act. It's the straight man's view, you beat the broad up. There's no feeling, there's no tension, there's no emotion but only an animistic fury. Very unconvincing to the gay viewer. In this film,

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DRUMMER views the Flicks



S&M is a sword in the gut, a castration followed by death, or a beheading. S&M is also exploited as an obvious titillation for some unknown reason there's a gay whipping scene in the midst of an otherwise totally heterosexual orgy.

But, there are moments, oh there are wonderful moments of sheer delight for the Drummer reader. And those moments are what let me say it is probably worth your time to see Caligula. There is one brief passage in the beginning of the film when the Roman nobles are being ferried in human carried conveyances. They pass through an ancient version of a construction sight where at least two dozen totally naked workers swing axes and shovels along the side of the road. The image of the muscled, naked slaves working with chains around their ankles with whip-wielding guards will stay with you for a

long, long time.

Another favorite has a Roman noblewoman in her bath. But no ordinary bath, this — she's a firm believer that male sperm will do wonders for her complexion. Ringing her tub are a dozen slaves masturbating over her, providing the necessary fluid for her vanity. Sheer delight!

Most of all, by far, without doubt, forever, is the vision of Guido Mannari who plays Caligula's to-be betrayed confidante. Never, ever, at all has there been such a magnificent specimen of flesh on a motion picture screen. And never, ever, at all has a whole audience been cock teased so badly. Mannari is the only character who never undresses in the film. We all have our own perversions, we have all made our own compromises, I have to admit to you that



mine was the sheer adulation of Mannari's body and face on the screen—even though clothed. So perfect a male image's he that I am shamed to admit I would spend the money all over again just to watch him.

The bottom line: *Caligula* is a terrible, terrible motion picture. But one that is worth seeing for sexual voyeurism. The tragedy is that it could have been the masterpiece that Guccione wanted—all he had to do was forget the pretension of "artist," hold firm to his grasp of the pornographer's view and get a gay technical adviser and it could even have been a breakthrough film. It's not, at all. It is a massive pornographic film noteworthy only for its massive nudget. But, ho the Guido Mannari



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MISTER BENSON

JACK PRESCOTT



A slave has no dignity without a master

If I ever need proof of that, all I have to do is remember that night when Rocco told me that Mr. Benson had taken a new slave and had kicked me out. I started by drinking too many beers at the bar where Rocco worked. An alcoholic clarity came over me at first. It tried to explain away Mr. Benson and my need for him. It tried to convince me that he was just another trick, nothing to worry about. But, that couldn't last long.

Instead, the reality of my plight took over. I was a slave without a master. I had been stripped of my ability to care for myself in the world and suddenly sent out on the sea of life without an oar. I had been taught not to make decisions, and now I couldn't even decide where I was going to go. But, I couldn't stay in the bar and accept Rocco's pitying stares. I had to leave.

I finally went onto the street and tried to think of the next move. Where could I go? If a slave is left without control of his life, he is also left with something else, unbridled sexual need. Every single defense that American society puts up against the expression of sexuality is torn away from a slave. He is left wanting—no, needing, his master's cock and now I had only the need without the master.

Everything I was depended on having a man in control of me. Now I had to find a man. I headed for the Mineshaft. As I walked along, the slick surface of my thighs and ballsack rubbed against one another. I felt my skin pucker at my ass-hole. Until someone has taken it away from you, you never know what your public hair is for. It's to protect your cock, balls and ass, sure, but did you know from what? From your own sexual awareness. Taking away that hair and making you look at your sex parts directly is one of the ways a top makes

you into a slave, a slave to the needs that only he can fulfill. I thought about that as I walked towards the River. I thought about the smooth mounds rubbing against one another and how it made me aware of the hole in my ass. The hole I needed to fill, to get filled by some man. The need I had for a man.

I was frightened. I was scared to be alone now. I thought of Mr. Benson's real sadism creating this new me and then abandoning it. Leaving me with the defenses down and the vulnerabilities open.

I had never needed sex the way I had after I met Mr. Benson. Oh sure, I always wanted it, but not need. Now my ass cried out for fulfillment. My whole body needed to feel a man's hand against it.

When you're a slave and you give into the demands of a master, you are someone. But being someone demands having a master to give you meaning. You let them take it from you to give you something better back. That's what Mr. Benson had done to me. I had given him all I had and he had given me back a life and identity that were even better. That's why I had done it, for Chrissake, to receive the identity of being his slave. To belong to him. But I had left myself open and weak in the process. And now I had nothing.

Nothing but need and desire and fear.

I went up the stairs to the dark and forbidding bar and paid my money to get in. The leather outfit I had on tonight made it a lot easier than the other time. Shit. I had forgotten that other time, when Mr. Benson had begun my training by making me wait here for him, standing in a jockstrap stripped for the eyes of all these men, waiting for Mr. Benson to arrive only to be taken away to the night of my greatest trial. But, now, I had full leather, no sweat, the doorman doesn't know

...a group of city psyches. He didn't care what you're for. He just takes the money and you're inside.

I felt more naked now than I had before. Then I had had the knowledge that Mr. Benson was coming. Then I hadn't had to pay attention to any of these men watching me. I could just stand there and wait. But now, I was like a cat in heat. I had to find a man.

At first, that was what I looked for, someone to take me home and hold me and tell me I'd make it through the night. I looked around, and I did more than just look. I stared down every one of them. I was hot. I knew I was hot. Mr. Benson had told me so. Maybe the man in the flannel shirt would take me home and play forest ranger. Play games and then take me to bed and hold me. I looked over and tried to get a response from his thick browsed eyes. No luck. Was my need too obvious? Was I scaring him?

I tried to relax. Don't scare them with the enormity of my need, I thought, just stare one of them. Any one of them. There was an older man on the pool table. Good looking guy, maybe 45. Who was I to care about age? Age wasn't important. Hell, I didn't even know how old Mr. Benson was. I tried to catch his glance. But pretty soon it became obvious he couldn't see anyone who wasn't black.

I got another beer. Now I was giving up. I didn't have the strength to go through this bar-cruising game. I was trying to calm the pain inside me, the horrible fear of the horrible loneliness that gripped my stomach. If I can't find a man this way, at least I could find someone to fill the hole in my ass, I thought. The gaping opening between my cheeks that Mr. Benson had made me know about when he took off the hair that protected it from myself.

Suddenly my mind was whirling with the space that was there between my legs. The void that I had never even known about until Mr. Benson had shown me it was there and that I had needed him to fill it. I walked into the backroom.

The groups of men in the dim light walked around the vertical beams, the ones that showed where the stairs were to go down into the basement room of horrors. The same beams that held up the sling. The black leather sling, swinging between the supports with the softest of spotlights on it, illuminating the pouch of the leather so slightly you would hardly notice it if it weren't for the surrounding total darkness.

I walked over and leaned against one of the supports. I waited to see who was playing the game tonight. Who could help me fill this emptiness inside me. I got still another beer from the lock-strapped bartender at the back bar. I went to my perch and waited.

There were others like me — the ones who wanted to be hunted. They circled with different degrees of overtness in the way they opened themselves up to the attacks of the men they hoped would be hunters.

I never understood the game that much. I had never understood the difference between being open and waiting for Mr. Benson to choose when to swoop down and that of being there and waiting to see who might swoop down. To know it might be Mr. Benson didn't detract from my dignity. I was owned. There was pride in that ownership. To be vulnerable to Mr. Benson meant to be vulnerable to the man who owned me. But there is no dignity to a slave without a master. To be that open was to be degraded. I saw it in the faces and actions of the men that circled the sling, waiting to be put in it and to have their needs met by a stranger without care and without pride. Mr. Benson had taken away my pride, but then he had replaced it with a new kind — the pride of belonging.

But now I was like the rest of them. In such great need that any one who would pay attention would be the man for tonight. There was no emotional bond to be considered. What had to be considered was the total lack of pride. It dawned on me that I was there as an object who could be given meaning only if someone found it attractive. There was nothing attractive about me until a man placed value on it. That was what it meant for me to have become a slave. To place myself in the position that the other person had to value me. I was devastated now because that other person — Mr. Benson — had found me worthless. But I had given up my self-worth! And now I needed a man to find me in this place and show me that it was worthwhile to live again. I was no longer different the way I had been when I was with Mr. Benson. I had taken the risk for the chance to get something more. And I had lost. I was a slave without a master, a sniveling piece of slave meat

that needed to be used to be valued.

My mind took all that in as it watched the endless parade. There were ten others that were like me, I decided. Their need was even more obvious, though, in their clothes, or lack of them. The man with the seat of his pants torn off with the crisco seal on his belt buckle: he left nothing to the imagination. Nor did the other guy who wore only a jockstrap, a pair of heavy black boots and a red handkerchief around his neck. In every intermediate state of undress were the others, walking around the sling, trying not to be so obvious about what they wanted from one of the black knights who slunk around the walls, watching them the way hawks watch pigeons in the park. Sitting ducks, anyone of them, anyone of us, ready for their attack.

I was being too gay. One of the older men gave up the game. He wasn't going to play it anymore, I gave him that, I gave him some measure of dignity. I stood there, leaning against the post, but he just finally up and got into the sling all by himself.

He sat back in it and hooked his legs around the chains coming down to hold up the pouch. He took a paper cup of crisco — the kind they give you in the bar — and he greased his ass, exposing it to the stares of the crowd. The on-lookers came in. Those 'watchers' from Jersey and Long Island who don't know how to play this game that fascinates them so. They crowded around him. A couple started to touch him, feel him up. If they were attractive and knew their place he let them. But, most, he pushed away. When you play this game, you know who's on the team opposing you and who's supposed to sit in the bleachers.

There was something about it, a guy admitting it, I thought. At least he puts it on another level. But to spread his legs to God and man that way, it was not like doing it for Mr. Benson. There was no dignity in spreading — your own asshole — to the world. The dignity was being able to spread it to the man that owned it. The man that owned you. There was no dignity for a slave without a master.

The guy pulled a huge dick out of the shorts he was wearing and started to beat it off. Trying to lure one of the hunters away from their perches along the dark wall, where we all knew they were. It only attracted more attention from the Tunnel and Bridge people — those men who live half lives in garden suburbs and travel over bridges and through tunnels only at night to taste the life that the rest of us choose to drown in. The hunters didn't move. There was no good reason to be here, in the sling, getting a blow job from someone you knew wore polyester six days a week. The guy got disgusted and shoved away the tourists who were feeling his hard muscled body. He got up, disgraced, and stood back in the line of the men circling the sling.

But, he had tried at least. And I still stood, wearing the black leather that didn't define me, leaning against the post. The leather made them all wonder. I was not in the hunters' section, where leather was dominant. But, I didn't circle either. I wasn't committing myself. There was no dignity to being a slave without a master, but there was tremendous need.

I didn't have the luxury of not trying. I thought to myself, I stood forward moving. It meant a performer was going to make his move. They knew it and they waited for me to commit myself to my role. The Bridge and Tunnel people gawked, they only knew it was leather. A black knight, they probably all thought, and they moved towards me. But I pushed them away. The rest of the players of the macabre dance knew they knew I hadn't told anyone my character yet. They all waited.

I took off the heavy jacket and laid it over the railing of the stair. Stupid. A very stupid thing to do with something that cost hundreds of dollars. But I was in no mood for security. I was in need. I struggled to get out of my boots without bending over. I was trying to keep from having to have to kneel in this light in front of all these people. One by one, the boots came off. And then, as slowly as I dared, and about as fast as I could given how much I had had to drink, I undid my belt and peeled off the leather pants.

The breathing in the room was faster, you could feel it. I was young, and well built, and hot. No one, not even Mr. Benson in his absence, could take that from me. And the hard body I now showed them was almost totally shorn of hair. My nudity excited the men who knew how to play the game,

it shocked the rest. And, listening to their quicker tempo of breath, I climbed up onto the platform the other man had left and sat on the coo, pouch, its surface only slightly warmed by the body that had left it. I lifted up my bare legs and leaned back into the sling. Waiting to see if a hunter would come out from the shadows to take me.

The cool air circulated around the nude asshole. The gaping anus seemed to cry out in a voice all of its own. The need to be filled. Come on, assholes, fill it up! Don't let this void go empty any longer.

A blackness came from the shadows, more quickly than I had ever expected. It loomed over me, a white face revealing itself from the folds of black leather and night. A jacket was removed. The sudden appearance of massive, white arms startled me and the crowd. The circling had stopped completely. The people moved into the center, not around it. A silence came over us all. And only the beat of the loud disco music filled the air. Even the Bridge and Tunnel people knew that 'something' was happening. There was a heaviness in the look the man gave me. Hard, cold, stern. And my response was just as solid.

The star players had taken their characters. Somehow crisco came into his hand. From where? Had someone brought it over? He picked up the container and took some of the white goo, spreading it over his forearm, and down over his fist. He took another handful and rubbed the lubricant over his fingers. All the time he stared right into me. But beyond me. He didn't know who I was. And I didn't care. There he was, greasing up an arm that's spent plenty of time in a gymnasium. A thick, hairy arm that was going to silence the screaming need of my ass, of my bowels, of myself, if only for a minute.

The slippery hand came down and touched my nude ass, the fingers slid into my crack. I threw back my head. I didn't want to watch any more. I wanted to be full. I wanted that hand inside my ass, filling me up the way I had gotten used to. My arms went out and grabbed the back set of chains. A vial of amyl came out of the darkness and filled my head. The hand pushed against my sphincter. Then - suddenly - painfully - too quickly - he was inside me, grasping inside me. Pulling. Pushing. Shoving. Ignoring my moans and loud cries. I felt mouths come down on my tits, warm, moist lips covering each of them. Someone went down on my cock and rode it in unison with his fist. Was it him? I couldn't see. I could only feel. And more amyl came to my face. And I was full, and warm with his fist and those mouths and those hands running over the exposed parts of my body.

For one split second I was filled up and covered and taken care of. For one split second I could feel all right. And then I thought of Mr. Benson and I realized that it wasn't his fist and I cried out - stopping the amyl from coming to my face again and pushing against the fist in my ass - trying to get rid of these foreign objects entering me. They weren't Mr. Benson!

They ignored me. They took it all for passion, or release, or something, and I soon collapsed against the strain of the bodies rubbing and pushing through me. I let them take their pleasure and their want and leave me, one by one. Their dramatics didn't affect me any more. I left my role. The pacing was up to them. The applause I would receive for this performance wasn't enough to make up for losing Mr. Benson.

Soon enough it was over. I was left panting in the sling. They stood around, the tourists in awe, the hunted in jealousy, the rest of the hunters wondering if they wanted a part of the action. And my hunter was in front of me, between my outstretched legs, wiping his greasy arm with a paper towel, a mix of satisfaction on his face. He had scored. He was proud of himself. But he wasn't my master, and his score meant nothing to me. It gave me no dignity.

They begrudgingly let me recover. As soon as I could, I climbed down out of the sling and collected my clothes. I went into a corner and struggled with them, finally I gave up and just put on the boots. I had tucked the money into my aules and then, by now drunkenly, carried the rest to the coat-check. Getting ready for the next act. A strange fist wasn't going to care for my needs. What was?

Somehow, ridiculously, I had kept on my cap through the whole thing. But now, my disappointment and drinking had left me without an iota of concern for the dignity I could not have without my master. I walked back into the rear of the

Mineshaft in just that leather motorcycle hat and my boots. Naked, shorn of hair, without anything more than what I had to offer. A body.

I was no longer even in need. There was no need. There couldn't be any success in my quest. There wasn't going to be a Mr. Benson here, looking for me. Mr. Bensons find you when you don't expect them. That's a part of who they are, I thought. Mr. Benson wouldn't come to the Mineshaft looking for a slave, he'd find one on the street or in a Christopher Street bar or - goddamn it - in a magazine ad, just like the new slave Mr. Benson had found. And what was going to happen to that guy? I wondered? What would happen to him. He might be the face that means "cigarettes" to half of America, it didn't make any difference. After what I had been through, I knew that even he would end up in a place like this, just like the rest of us, looking for any symbol that would help him try to take away the pain.

The pain. The searing pain. It led me to the back bar for still another beer, one that I could hardly say the words to order. I was drowning in the booze and the self-pity then. What did I want now? I thought. What could help me now? Proof? It came over me. Proof that I wasn't worthwhile. That I wasn't a person that counted. I needed proof, still, that Mr. Benson was right. I was a slave. I was to be used. That was all I knew any more. And I hadn't anything that would save me from the fact. There was no master who valued me enough to make it all right.

Mr. Benson was right about some things, still, I had to admit. I was a toilet. Any one of these guys had a right to use an asshole/slave/cock/sucker like me for a toilet. I half walked, half fell down the stairs to the darkness of the bottom floor of the Mineshaft, into the red light of the piss room. Declarations in a place like this aren't made with words. You don't need words to know that someone is an asshole/prick/piss-drinker. They let you know. And as drunk as I was, I made my declaration.

The tub was in the middle of the room. Empty for a change. There are actually two here at the Mineshaft. One, though, is subtle, in the corner, dark. You can take someone there and

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it can be between the two of you. But there's another one in the middle of the room, right under the red lightbulb, where you let them know how much you love piss. If that's what is true. If you love piss. Or you show them what you'll do for your master, how you'll climb in a bathtub full of piss if he wants you to. If you have a master. Or you can show them what you think of yourself. Like I did just then, right away. You can climb over the rim of the tub and lay there, exposed to all of them — you don't care who — and have them fling their fat cocks over the side and let lost a flow of hot piss all over you, "cause that's what you are, that's what your man taught you, you're a piss slave, someone who doesn't deserve anything but their waste coming over your body.

That's what I did that night. I lay in the tub with my mouth open, without a harden, without any pleasure, waiting for the whole group of them to come over and unload on me, waiting for them to confirm what I knew I was, a piss slave, a shithead/asshole-eating/slave who didn't even have a master. Just someone for each of them to use as a urinal.

I was almost oblivious to the stench as each one of them came over to the tub and pulled out their dicks — thick, skinny, cut, uncut, black, white, brown, fat, lean, beautiful, ugly. I never looked at their faces, I just took their piss. Drenched myself in their golden shower. Tried to drown myself in their abuse.

And all I could think about was Mr. Benson's piss. The beautiful flow of gold that came out of his cock and went down my throat every day. I thought of Mr. Benson's perfect uncut cock slipping down my throat, making my mouth a better place with the discharge of his sweet urine.

I finally climbed out. The liquid poured off my body. I shrugged off the people who wanted to drag me into a corner. The ones who thought they had a right to the use of this urinal. There were no Mr. Benson's there. I staggered into the furthest room of the bar, where there was more beer. I dragged, somehow, a dollar out of my boot and took a long pull out of the bottle of cold liquid, hoping it would flush down some of the bitter taste that stayed in my throat. Now the alcohol wasn't dimming the pain any more. It was letting it flow. I had to feel something besides this emptiness. I had to think of something besides Mr. Benson.

I looked around the room, the figures were only slightly beginning to blur in my vision. The real black knights were there. Lining this inner sanctum of the place. Waiting for the ones who would really take it. Here, in this, the best lit room, the room without the protection of darkness. I thought to myself: come and get it, come and get your piece of meat, take what you want, what you want, anything any of you want, it's yours.

One of them moved into the brightest lights and the beer didn't keep me from seeing that he was looking at me. And it didn't stop me from noticing the belt that he carried: heavy, black leather. The strap was looped around his fist, only the buckled end was hanging down. The color faded into the rest of his outfit of darkness. The stare brought back a pseudo-sobriety again. It was hard. It wanted flesh.

I pulled myself up to answer him. He spread his legs in response. The signals were unavoidable, even to me, even with all that beer, even with the thought of Mr. Benson on my mind. I remembered the pain in my mind and thought I saw a release from it. Here. In that leather in that man's hand, I could escape the pain of Mr. Benson.

I stood and carefully, slowly walked by him over to the stage that they had erected on the other side of the room. I stooped my naked, wet body over the end of the stage and spread apart my ass, waiting for release from the feelings.

I knew what was coming. release. I knew that soon, soon, I would be able to forget Mr. Benson. I knew then that the man would see the marks that were still left from the cruel sadist of the other night, and he would misread my desire — or would he? Didn't I want this man and the belt I knew was going to come flailing down on my ass? Didn't I want the marks that would tell me and the rest of the world that I liked to be punished? Needed to be punished?

I lifted my ass even higher, just as the first blow came down on the tender flesh. "Hold him." The order went to people I couldn't see. But I didn't resist as the hands pulled out my arms and spread my back to the rain of blows that started to fall. There was no tenderness in that beating. It wasn't like when Mr. Benson would beat me. The leather just came down.

again and again, savagely striking at my back, my ass, my thighs, my legs, adding to the welts that were there. Warning the surface of my body from my neck to my ankles. And finally, alleviating the pain. Taking away my thoughts of Mr. Benson and my failure with welcome waves of sensation over my body.

When he did stop, I realized I had never yelled. Even though the heat of his blows remained even when he had ceased the actual beating, I had never called out. When Mr. Benson hit me I kept quiet to prove my manhood to him. That wasn't the case now. I didn't care what these men thought. I suddenly realized what it was that they did think though, they were frightened! They were frightened!

I stood up, painfully, and saw the eyes that had witnessed my punishment. They hadn't seen anything like that. They were in amazement at what I had taken. I stood. At first I was going to make like I was proud. Fuckers, I blurrily thought, I'll show you. But as soon as I rose to my full height, I fell, collapsing right into the waiting arms of Rocco.

The heat swept over my back as I sat beside Rocco at the bar. He had taken me home that night before and somehow had taken care of my skin, torn, but not torn through enough to bleed, by the violent beating of last night. I didn't know how he had gotten me out of the bar and into the cab, let alone how he had dressed me, but the next morning I woke up in his bed, beside him, my head swollen with dehydrating agony from the hangover of my life, the whole of my back-side raw from misuse. I moaned out loud, way out loud. He stirred and sat up in the bed, looking at me through disgusted sleepy eyes. "What kind of fool are you, doing all that to yourself? Do you know what you look like?" I moaned in agony. "Do you know what you smell like?" Another, louder sound came out of my body.

The whole day had been spent trying to care for my hangover. It was, without a doubt, one of the great ones of the century. It was all abetted by the horrible pain that my body had to go through. The welts that rose angry and red from my body, the soreness from my asshole having been stretched to

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his boots. It was all too much to bear. But at least it kept my mind of Mr. Benson.

I was lucky that Rocco was a bartender and had some ideas about how to take care of all this. I had hot baths to get steam inside my dried out system. Vile tasting liquids to start blood flowing. Salves to calm the screams from the surface of my skin. I took a heavy. And now we were sitting in a bar together, me at least semi-conscious, taking the last of his cure - a Bloody Mary.

It was already eight in the evening. I sat passively beside him listening to him going on and on about what he had gone through to find me. Searching the bars and the baths. "I even would have called Mr. Benson if I could have. But there was a party at the club last night. That's why I didn't have to stay with Brendan. He didn't want me to go. Probably something just for the Topmen."

Even now my acknowledgement was only a moan.

"Have another drink, Jamie. You're going to feel bad tomorrow too, but you're so hungover it probably won't hurt." I swallowed another of the hot red drinks, feeling it burn its way through the mucous that had collected in my throat, miraculously after the dryness that had been there.

"Why did you do this to yourself, Jamie? Why?"

"Why not? I'm alone. He took away all my protective covering Rocco. What am I supposed to do?" I know my voice sounded plaintive. "Am I supposed to go out and find a wife and kids with his brand on my ass?" A tear came down my cheek, again, damnit!

We hadn't really talked yet. The whole day had been spent trying to get me in some semblance of shape to face the world. And there was nowhere for this conversation to go. Nowhere but down.

I had avoided it, and now tried to avoid it again by downing the crimson liquid in front of me and signalling the bartender for another.

"Jamie, that won't do any good, drinking them like that."

"Why the hell not." It was a bitter voice that answered Rocco that night.

"Jamie, look, it's got to be a mistake, someone like Mr.

Benson doesn't do things like that to his slave. There's a reason, Jamie I know, and there's a reason that has to do with those men that are missing."

"I don't care about anyone who's missing. Rocco, I just care about me and what the hell I'm supposed to do without Mr. Benson." The last drink went down with a single gulp, and again I was reaching for the bartender.

"Be quiet, Jamie, don't start again. This is enough."

"No it's not, Rocco." I grabbed the new drink.

An hour later, Rocco and I were both a little smashed as we left the bar and started a familiar trek to the river. It was a weekday. The only place to go this early was the Ramrod. We weaved slightly, but, I thought then, pleasantly, as we walked. Rocco had decided not to abandon me and had made a strategic mistake in trying to match me drink for drink. The booze only alleviated my pain and my hangover, it acted more quickly on me, but less dramatically, and I found myself in the funny and different position of holding him up.

Even with the whole backside of my body burning and with him leaning heavily against me, we looked like a happy pair as we made our way through the Village. We were joking. It felt good. Finally to joke and laugh. To be with a friend. It made me feel a little better about the whole, horrible mess I was in. We made eyes at black leather knights as they walked past us, and spent a much too obviously long time staring in the window of a boot shop on West 4th Street, watching the leather-clad salesman trying to make a sale to a man who wore "New Jersey" on his chest like a neon sign.

We got to Christopher Street and started the descent toward the River by stopping at every bar on the route. Having "Just one more." We said to each other. By the time we hit the Badlands, at the foot of the street, we were awash in the comradeship of beer. Somehow full of hope we had gotten to the Ramrod and stood there amongst the early crowd, pleased with ourselves, and me pleased with the world, if only because my friend was with me and I was too drunk to care about Mr. Benson.

We left the Ramrod and decided to walk up the River bank to the Eagle and the Spike. It was absurdly early by now, but we didn't care. Our arms slung around each other, we weaved up the avenue, singing songs from high school. With Rocco beside me, I was finally out of trouble, I thought. My mind could take a rest, I could deal with living. After Fourteenth Street, Rocco said he was horny. I didn't know what to do. We couldn't go to the Mineshaft that early. It was still only about ten. Across the avenue were the piers. Drunkedly, I told Rocco, that's what we should do.

"Jamie, Brendan said only fools go to the piers." Rocco slurred. "Brendan said, only fools go there who have money to burn and lives to lose."

"Rocco, don't be silly," my own voice answered. "Brendan's being an old lady. Just like all the cops. You find something that's fun and a cop will tell you it's a bad thing to do."

We crossed against the traffic and walked up to the entrance to one of the deserted piers. The glories of New York's days as a worldwide harbor was memorialized by the shell of the wharf that sagged into the river, holding out hope now, not for travel to foreign shores, but of release for Rocco's new found horniness.

We walked into the darkness and stood straight up, each of us reacting to a primal call of the wild. Our male bodies knew that here was sex. Through our drunkenness, dulling my pain and Rocco's sense, all we could hear were the slurping sounds of men meeting each other coming across the vast space of the abandoned sheds. We trod across the area and into the dark closet-like rooms, to the source of the sounds, knowing we would find there the release to the physical needs we had. Me for a cock to suck, Rocco for a mouth for his own cock, less trained than mine.

I went first and stumbled over the doorway, falling down onto the ground, right in front of a pair of highly polished boots. They looked familiar, even through all the Bloody Marys and beer I recognized them. They were just like Mr. Benson's! My head shot up to see if it was him, and instead found the bloodied, cruel face of Hans. It laughed down at me, talking to someone I couldn't see. Rocco fell over me as the Germanic voice spoke out. "Well, well, it looks like we have just caught two of the best."

To Be Continued

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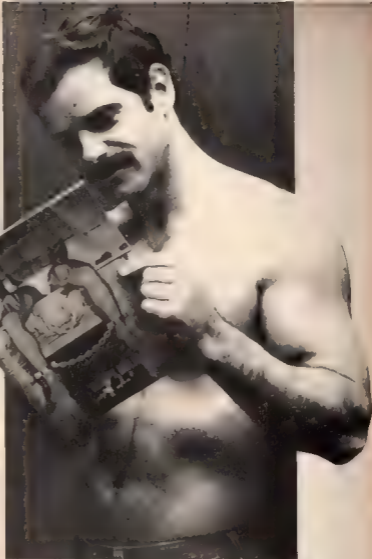
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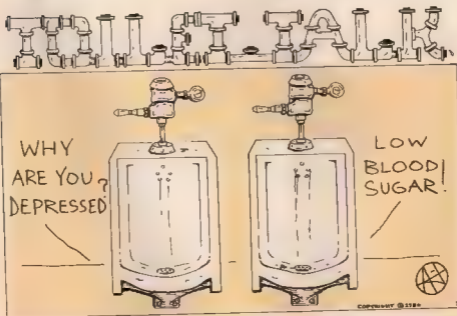
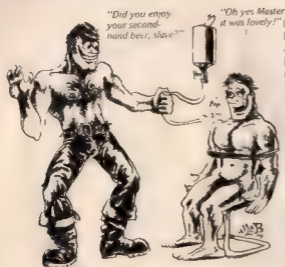




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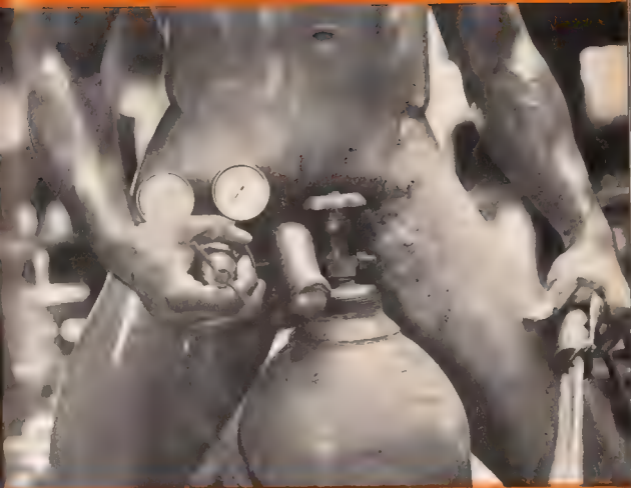
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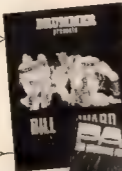




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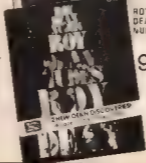


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WHITE UNDER LEATHER

Edmund White, the author of *States of Desire* has had a varied publishing career. He's written two critically acclaimed novels, *Forgetting Elena* and *Nocturnes for the King of Naples*, co-authored *The Joy of Gay Sex*, published numerous short stories and articles, been a former editor of the *Saturday Review* and taught creative writing at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University.

When Chuck Ortlieb of *Christopher Street* magazine first approached White with the idea of a travel book on gay America, White was immediately enthusiastic. He explains that one main reason was the experience of writing *The Joy of Gay Sex*. Both he and his collaborator, Chuck Silverstein, had finished the project with a deep sense of their New York isolation. They had written the first complete gay sex book, but they didn't know what people "out there" were going to do with it. They had a strong urge to make contact with gay people who weren't living in the confines of their Manhattan lives. White's response was to write up the book proposal for this project. Silverstein would react to the same needs by working on a research project on lovers — his book is expected out this fall.

Even with White's reputation publishers didn't jump at the idea. Ed blames his proposal's inadequacies to some extent. Only Dutton responded, and he feels a personal visit to editor Bill Whitehead turned the tables, allowing him to communicate his enthusiasm in a way the written concept hadn't. With a skimpy advance, later to be fortified with money borrowed from friends, White began a year's research, visiting dozens of cities, interviewing hundreds of gay men. The exhausting work finally produced the manuscript in time for this spring's publication.

While there are flaws in the work, White lists many of them in a self-critical afterword, it remains a remarkable document of life in gay America — its breadth, its scope, its diversity and, above all its promise. The book is self-admittedly subjective at some points: I doubt any San Franciscan is going to enjoy the portrait of the City, for instance. It is not meant to be a series of definitive portraits of cities anyway. White tried to write about the unique things of each place — those things which could happen only there, as he experienced them. And it is not complete — the author finally gave up trying to write about Philadelphia, for instance, the one city that finally escaped his attempts to capture it in words, and both the author and his editor regret not including Providence town.

We at DRUMMER feel this is a powerful book to open the decade with. We give it to you with our highest recommendation.



DRUMMER: Was there any question in your mind about doing such a gay book? You are, after all, a critically acclaimed novelist and you have a commercial success through writing text books. Most people would have stayed in a respect-filled, New York literary closet at this time in their careers.

WHITE: I don't know about *States of Desire*. I did have qualms about *The Joy of Gay Sex*. Even when it was finished, I wasn't sure I should sign my name to it. Finally it became a matter of my own health. I came out in the '50's. I was very self-hating as a homosexual. I went through ten years of therapy with straight therapists. And I was very unhappy until I went to a gay therapist and began to accept my homosexuality. I've been very happy through my thirties because I keep affirming my homosexuality. I don't think it's one of those things you can accept quietly. If you don't push forward with it and make people take notice of it, speak about it, you become depressed at least. I do. Now that may not be true for other people, or younger people who might be better adjusted. But for me personally, it requires this kind of constant self-assertion. That was true even when I was teaching at Johns Hopkins University. I was only there two days a week. I would commute from New York and sleep in Baltimore one night a week. For that one night I had a need for a gay identity on campus. That one night a week I would get depressed. I was the one gay person in a straight world. I would walk around campus and feel absolutely invisible and alienated. So I joined the gay student group and became their faculty advisor. Immediately my spirits picked up. It really is a matter of mental health. I think a lot of gay liberation should be viewed that way: It's not just

that you're a do-gooder or helping other people or helping the cause, you're helping yourself.

DRUMMER: Was there ever a conscious decision that you were going to explicitly deal with sex in *States of Desire*?

WHITE: When I first started the book, I thought it was going to be almost a travel guide. You can still see traces of that in the first chapter on L.A. I thought I was going to name the hot bars, the hot baths and the cruising places. But I realized that the existing guides do that and that it wasn't my particular talent. It really was my lover who said, "You should talk to people, interview people — that's what you're going to do." And that's what leads to talk about sex. In fact, gay people like talking about sex. It is the most basic definition of the way we are homosexual.

You see, it seems to me that all gay people are in a sense philosophers. No one is born gay; everyone becomes gay at a certain point in his life. When you become gay it requires a drastic reordering of all your values and of the notion of yourself. So I think all gay people are introspective and think about things and sex is one of the great things to think about.

There were also a lot of things I don't think people write about very intelligently, or that straight people don't understand — I was always aware that some straight people would read this book — pedophilia and S&M were two subjects I wanted to cover.

DRUMMER: What were your assumptions about them and how did they check out?

WHITE: I think I learned a lot about pedophilia. One thing was that when a gay man becomes involved with boys the boys are seldom gay. They are not the

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little sissies because a shrewd pedophile knows that a sissy boy is going to blow his cover. They tend to end up with butch, all-American boys. One of the men I interviewed found this a great source of regret because he's in fact turned on by pretty boys and sissy boys. But he didn't dare take the risk of consorting with such kids because he knew that parents of sissy boys are very paranoid and suspicious. So, he's had four of five boy lovers all of whom have grown up to be straight. They've stayed friends with him, he's been an important factor in their evolving lives but they've all turned out to be straight. It's a big regret to him because though he can only fall in love with little kids, once he does fall in love with one he thinks he could slay with him forever. That was news to me. An other thing that was news to me was that a lot of boy lovers are also turned on to little girls and adult women and least of all to adult men. There are other clichés about pedophiles that don't bear out. That they lead very impoverished lives, that they are themselves immature and that's why they're attracted to these kids, they're not mature enough to relate to a mature man. These didn't ring true to me based on the pedophiles I met.

DRUMMER: What about S&M?
WHITE: Well, I am experienced in S&M. I think my first S&M experience was in 1965. It was a very shocking one for me, I picked up a guy who obviously wanted to get fucked, but every time I started to do it, he raised an objection. He kept needing me and saying irritating things. Finally I got so mad that I socked him. He just creamed in his jeans and melted. That was obviously what he wanted. I had read about such things but had never done them. A tremendous amount of emotion was released in me during this experience that I had had no way of knowing was there. You have to remember that at that time it was not "in" to be into S&M. A leather man at that time was a sort of panah. A lot of guys who were into S&M were ashamed to wear the uniform and would dress in crew neck sweaters and khakis. I remember going to my first leather bars soon after that first experience because it had turned me on so much. I sort of lurked down the street hoping no one would see me in the uniform, myself.

My experience certainly goes back that far and I think I've experienced a pretty full range of S&M activities.

DRUMMER: So there were no surprises.

WHITE: No, there were no big surprises. One thing, though, I had always thought that the sexual forms of S&M not the urge to be S&M but the ways in which you are S&M are learned, are pretty sophisticated. I thought it took a guy from an S&M milieu in a big city to learn how to be S&M. I've always read with some degree of skepticism, those S&M books about guys in the country, or cowboys and Indians, who spontaneously burst into these heavy scenes. But in a few places I did meet truly naive farm boys who were S&M in a way I thought was only true of sophisticated people. I got into some heavy scenes with guys who didn't seem to have had these ex-

periences before.

DRUMMER: Do you buy the concept that getting into S&M is still a second coming out?

WHITE: Yes, I think that's true of other things, too. For instance, the white man who discovers he really likes black men, that he wants to live in a black world with a black lover. After you've broken the first barrier of becoming gay, you often have to still discover what your true tastes are - pedophilia, people of other races, older men, or any of these things. It takes a degree of courage to be unconventional yet again. It seems to me that gay life is almost as conformist as straight life - not quite and there are a lot of social pressures on gay men to be conventionally gay. To be unconventionally gay is a second coming out and certainly S&M is one of those rites of passage.

DRUMMER: In your book you talked about people into S&M actually being more "gentle" than others. Is that the right word?

WHITE: Yes, I remember five years ago I was marching in the gay parade in New York. I was with a group of political, uptight types. Very correct in their dress, their attitude, their degree of feminism, their degree of consciousness and so on. I felt a tremendous coldness coming from them and I wasn't happy. I didn't feel at home there. I sort of drifted back and ended up with a group of leather guys who were full of smiles, full of warmth, their arms around each other and I felt genuinely welcome. And happy! I do think that a lot of the anger and the antagonism and the need for combativeness is worked out in leather sex. It's as though the rage has boiled away. It leaves people at peace with themselves. There's also the feeling of their being well-seasoned; of really knowing themselves and of having admitted a lot of things about themselves. You know who you are. I think there's a large degree of sado-masochism running through the society. It's denied in most people. The denial makes people up-tight and uncomfortable in many ways - including being uncomfortable with themselves. Many S&M people have explored these areas and it leaves them friendlier, more well-rounded. S&M people have not accepted everything for themselves, but there's no feeling of disdain for what others do sexually. There's simply a feeling "that's not my scene." There's also a tremendous degree of frankness in S&M that's missing other places.

You know, there's a marvelous passage in *Gravity's Rainbow*. A character asks why is S&M the most ridiculed thing in our society? It's because it's too important. The true S&M is socio-economic. The whole society feeds on that and they don't want it wasted on mere sex. My feeling is that because S&M guys don't sublimate these feelings, but express them, they buy out of a lot of the oppressive aspects of our society. I disagree with someone like Susan Sontag who sees S&M as potentially fascistic, related to the Nazis. I think quite the contrary. The dangerous ones are those who are sublimating their S&M feelings, who don't know about them.

DRUMMER That takes me back to the "politically correct" gay people you described earlier.

WHITE: I think an important distinction needs to be made. For a guy in Kansas City to be active in gay liberation is a true act of heroism. He is not someone who is joining a clique or becoming politically gay because he doesn't want to be *actually* gay — he's just a guy who is fed up with being mistreated. He isn't interested in theory or the higher reaches of politics, he's interested in getting the cops to stop beating up on him. That's a very direct human response and in no way precludes warmth or a full sexual life. But I have met people who deny themselves who are into gay politics in the big cities.

DRUMMER: You've mentioned why it was personally important to be frank about your own sexuality. Were you conscious of role modeling for others? Was that part of the reason you identified yourself so closely with the people in the book?

WHITE: I hadn't thought about the role-modeling before. To me, it's just being honest. It seems that *everybody* lies about sex. People are hypocritical in print. One reviewer of my book claimed that I did a terrible disservice to gay people by talking about promiscuity. However, *Homosexualities*, which gives a conservative estimate since it was based on research done in 1970 before gay liberation and the whole modern sex movement had really taken off, says that the average gay man has had at least 500 sex partners. The average straight man would view that as *wildly* promiscuous and few of them would come up with such numbers.

It seems to me that that's a face of gay life and most of the men reading this article right now have had as much sex as I have — if they're my age, if they've been out as long as I have. I don't think of myself as a highly sexual being; I think of myself as a *normal* sexual being. If I have sex three times a week, that's pretty much par for the course, and it's not always with the same person.

DRUMMER What does it mean when other public gay people — other authors for instance — are less honest than you?

WHITE: Part of the excitement that comes from good writing is people finding new ways to be honest — discovering ways they'd been dishonest and shedding them. Every time a little more truth comes into literature, the writing shows it and that's *exciting*. John Rechy's *City of Night*, for instance, was a tremendous thrill for all of us. Everyone ran out and read it. It was a galvanizing book because this stuff had never been written before. I have black friends who tell me they had the same reaction when they first read James Baldwin. Certainly women have felt it in reading Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics*. The truth is exciting, it's shocking; it's controversial; people tend to deny it exists. There is still a propriety in literature that doesn't exist in life. It's analogous to the gentleman who swears a blue streak and then is outraged by a play in which a character swears. He stalks out saying, "I'm not watching this fucking filth."

DRUMMER: Some people — including gay people — accuse me and other men of being into leather in order to reclaim the renegade status that no longer comes from simply being gay. Part of their argument says we're mainly interested in the community that comes from being renegades. Do you think it's true that leather men are more of a community?

WHITE: Yes, yes I do. For instance, I think there's less emphasis on youth and beauty in S&M bars. And that's not just in who's admitted to the bar. I loathe the way blacks are carded in many other gay bars. I think it's despicable. It's also in who you go to bed with. I think there is a feeling that someone can be hot sex without necessarily being beautiful. There is more of a relating to the other person's desires, the other person's degree of lust, even the degree of experience. After all, S&M can be dangerous and a degree of expertise is important. Particularly an M is going to be careful about who he goes home with. The fact that the S is beautiful and 20 is less important than that the S can give him a good trip and that he's experienced.

I can remember being at the baths recently and being totally unattracted to one man until I discovered that he had terrific M potential — that he would make a good slave. He suddenly became very attractive to me because I realized that we could get it off together. That does exist in the S&M world. A lot of gay men I know go out with men who they think are going to give them high status, because of their looks or occupation, that's less true in the S&M world where you're really interested in exploring your own sexuality, and having good sex with a

person who turns you on.

DRUMMER: You've painted a very positive view of S&M and leather. Are there things you don't like about that world?

WHITE: Yes. There are two things that can happen to S&M people that can be problems. One is excessive dependence on drugs and booze. Many guys seem to have to get really tanked up to have S&M sex. It can also be a lifestyle that revolves entirely around bars which can lead to too much drinking. I don't have any figures on this, but I would suspect that there's a higher degree of alcoholism and drug addiction among S&M people than among other gays. That's worth worrying about. The other thing is that I've also known some guys who made the scene their entire lives and are so determined to stay within the narrow confines of an S&M lifestyle that they work in a leather shop, they spend their evenings in a leather bar, they go on bike weekends, all their friends are into leather and that's all they ever do. That can be fine for some people, but I've seen others who were clipping their wings a bit. They were fearful of leaving this comfortable world. I think that's a shame. Our puritan ancestors taught us that living is a series of constant sacrifices. I don't believe that. I think you can have it all — at least you should make a big try for it. There's no reason why anyone can't pretty much tailor make a life for himself and be successful in business and have straight friends and know women and also be into leather and be a successful athlete on top of it! We don't have a narrow reserve of energy that's going to be exhausted. The more we do the more we can do.

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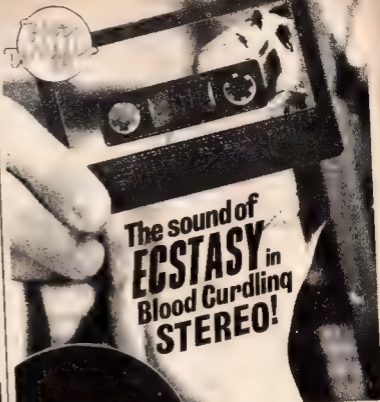
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LOS ANGELES AREA 1 am more beautiful in bondage than in free. I will submit to fests, domination, shaving, photography to you. Sir or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me Box 35

Mature masculine with 47, 6'2" 225 lbs. very healthy experienced wants contact with men near my size 150 lbs. 18% B&K bikers, cowboys reply to Dr. Box 905 Oakview CA 93022

Hot hunks novice in 40s needs dominate and to learn discipline. Write Box 4413 Camel CA 93371

LOS ANGELES 5 45 5'6" 135 lbs. solid muscular male fine statue 7' cut. Looking for masculine slender or muscular man, under 55. White. Not interested in fucking anything that I wouldn't walk down the street with Box 567C

US MALE CALL

Masculine white gay male, 26 am in prison and would like to write slaves and masters. Am 5'7" 160 lbs. 10% of tattoo right brown hair blue eyes. Write to Patrick Earl No 20149 148, Box 7 Terminal Island, San Pedro, CA 90731

FULL LEATHER

I leaning towards M role, shaved head, shaved in full leather seeks total involvement with intelligent SM who can switch roles. Must respect limits Box 136H

SOUTHERN CALIF. TRUCKER

38, 175 lbs. 6'2", requires the full time services of a young truck slave with various desire to serve and learn trucking business. Only serious need reply Box 153

You want the letter returned should be a some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope include 2bc for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing sealed letters and keep in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed

HAYWARD 5, 28 5'11", 160 lbs. 8% cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive No feds, feds, feds. Only out of fests. Should have good build and be into leather, jeans, or uniforms. Box 402

SF PIG and TOILET

Bearded wim hot hard body into raw down raw/pig scenes, deep rimming, bear and pig, penials from raunchy aspires, clean raw cock action, after fuck my hard leotard ass, crutches and shoes. Gers all eating a funky asshole while having my tits worked over. Write you, cock sucker, so I can root around in your hole. Onkel Box 568

Hairy guy into raunchy jack street, WS and heavy leather. Dirty having his crotch fucked and his buttocks played on Am 6 155 lbs. 8' wim, 32 Photo in pic strap and leather jacket must Box 967

26, Black male, muscular 6' 160 lbs., goodlooking Master, seeks white or latin slaves for complete submission. Photo a must. Must be willing to relocate in Hollywood. Only serious slaves need apply. Box 572

I A PRIVATE TOILET

Wim 35, 5'10" 145 lb. can cut good looking. Seeks a few select dirty wim 18-40 to service regularly. Your shit, piss, and urine wanted. No S&M Travel all Southern. Call include phone for reply Box 583

EROTIC TATTOOS

Hot young muscular working a collection of erotic, low, sexy, pri. obese, uncut, strange wear. Erogenous tattoo would like to and photograph yours for posterity. Identity remains undisclosed. If interested in the artwork itself, I personally would like to meet man in genital decorates on Photos and gratitudes in return. Northern CA. Write to Box 171

DRUMMER

15 Harriet Street San Francisco, California 94103

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. No advertisements accepted from persons under age 21. Drummer Publications will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertisements.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

I declare that I am over 21 yrs. old and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that if I have not ad will be turned to me for my approval. I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical errors. I understand that Drummer Publications is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person I act through the publications.

AD COPY (Please Print Legibly)

My Ad is _____ Words at 25 cents a word.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 6'7", 130 lbs. 7" cut, handsome, muscular, completely uninhibited, masculine dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizzare with both hangups, expects same. Not into clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/m, B&D, S&M Box 162.

Untamed 34-year-old male needs to be harnessed and handled by man who is seeking another stud for his masochism. If your reality of bondage has progressed beyond a thread and to the bedposts and is closer to an mobility; if your reality of display is far gone beyond clotheclags and is more like aligator clamps, if you are filling a guys deep-seated needs and sensitivity doesn't threaten your masochism, then this deep-seated, hairy animal is waiting to be roped, bridled and ridden hard Mike, Box 14353, San Francisco, CA 94114. No photo, no reply.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8", 135 lbs. 8" cut. Nucleus with male gender adaptability, perception into a variety of scenes (look ng for partners who te, is 40 or older than myself who is equipped with a deep desire and toys to make a re playing enoyable and exact ng. No drugs, heavy drink ng, heavy pain, cast, or inexperience Box 163

L.A. BODYBUILDER
5'10", 185 lbs. seeks other big masculine dudes or extremely tall, athletic-built guys for wild S&M times. Occ/Noc, 117, 1738 N. Canyon Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90026. Send photo if possible.

REPORT TO COMMANDANT
US ALL STOCKADE
Anyen, 49, uncult, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions re: w/s, S&M, B&D, S&M humiliation training. I am currently under Military/SS/USMC disciplinary principles and total surveillance. This is serious and as real as your ally allows. Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stockade is a non-discriminatory sexual environment to facilitate workouts in all physical forms or work bars. US ALL, Dept. 00, Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042

SAN FRANCISCO, 42, 6'2", 185 lbs. 7" uncult, masculine, together guy. Greek, ass, French, passive, B&D, WS, jocks, levis, kinky or clean ass. Relationship considered with mature, together guy Box 581

LET'S STROKE TOGETHER
We like to do it in groups. Interested. For details, call Box 38637 Hollywood, CA 90038

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs. white, 8" cut, black hair, blue eyes, mustache, good-looking non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full-time leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leatherman (under 45) to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and please a man who is secure with his position; a real man who knows what he does and how to take it. No heavy S&M, tats, or farts. Photo please, Sir Box 117

WET LEVIS, SOGGY BOOTS
Rivers, lakes, p.s, puddles, beer, dirt, mud. Wet dirty bikers in the woods, beaches, bars, all over the place. Let's get drenched. Tim, 26, 5'10", 145 lbs. 549 Chestnut, San Francisco, CA 94133.

LOS ANGELES, M, 53, 5'8", 173 lbs. Gemini, 6" cut, well used ass, into the smell and taste of leather, dirty and how to take it. No heavy dominant Master I am a novice with a lot to learn. Box 57

FREE PIC
27-year-old, 5'11", 155 lbs, 5" Most secks. Send SASE to G.G. Box 38213, Los Angeles, CA 90038. Must sign over 21

BALLS AND ASS
Massaged, pulled, caressed, sucked, twisted, slapped, kicked, fondled, squeezed, tugged, tied, shaved and more. Average looking dude, good body, 5'6", passive, like B&D, seeks guys who get off by doing above. No pain, no sex. Traveling from L.A. to Portland, Ore 502

SAN FRANCISCO VALLEY, A
White female, 25, 5', 165 lbs. good looking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to learn me properly. Already into light S&M, bondage, leather, jack strap, wearing, w/e, outdoor scenes, uniforms. Whatever else you desire, but no heavy pain or cast. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache, but not necessarily Box 127

PIGS WANTED
San Francisco, two hot pig farmers, both w/m, 5, 37, 5'8", 160 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, sty's. FFA, WS, nose, tits, ass eating and other S&M. Photo gets photo. Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131

Oakland, M novice, 54, 5'7", 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, 6" cut, looking for hairy man to wear 50, white, with good build, into training a willing novice. Mutual respect, important. Looking for varied experiences. Box 16

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 32, 6'5", 9" uncult, 190 lbs. hairy, well haired, Marine-type bottoms, under 35, who can handle hairy fucking and genuine man-to-man emotions, reliable permanent relationship. Non-smokers only. Rick Leathers, Box 3291, S.F., CA 94119

AYVALI, SM, Leo/Virgo cupid, 39, 5'11", 145 lbs. 7" uncult. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring the pleasures of limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dom) Must have boat (like on Island) Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V

HOLLYWOOD, w/m, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs. needs toman into FF. My place or yours. I enjoy anything that feels good. Can reverse role. Box 586

GLENDAL, SM, 38, 5'11", 162 lbs. 8" uncult, Chinese/Polish, anal mm/muscular build, into total anal sensuality. Looking for men in shape, 8" or longer, with thick hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65

LOS ANGELES, w/m, 30, 7 1/2" into heavy enema and/or spanking scene. Looking for same. Leathers, Box 589

KINKY FILTHY HOT
31, 5'7", 130 lbs. w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both sides. Interested into S&M, B&D, W/S, cast. Leather, wet and juicy. Levis and jocks straps, outdoor scenes, whipping, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162

Young slave wanted, 18-25, by a master, 27, 135 lbs. 5'9" into spanking, whips, latex, good equipped playroom. Box 503.

SAN DIEGO, SM, 38, 6'3", 190 lbs. 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves. I am experienced, un-failed, but needful 30-year-old slave. My master would command respect from his person and brutality. Very serious only. Box 598

LONG BEACH AREA uncults wanted by blonde/fair eyed 26 year-old, 5'10", 170 lbs. 7" uncult, hot w/m. Dm cut, weekly man action, any race, also bears ranchy coats. Most cuts under 30 ok. Rick, Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510

L.A. BOTTOM
Slim muscular bottom, 28, 5'4", into WS bondage, beards, hairy muscled chsts, levis, leather and getting fucked. Photo, letter to Box 603

VENICE, M, 22, 8", 130 lbs. 8 1/2" cut, seeks Master, 21/35, to tie me to do his bidding. Am novice but willing, need master with patience. Box 74

Passive hot bottom needs masters into bears, bondage, high clothes and control. Can get into 4-6-8-10. Into heavy either in my scenes heavy B&D Box 608

LOS ANGELES, M, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs. good build, trim beard, novice, into S&M, leather, or uniforms. Standing, knowledgeable, hot leather/levis S&M to teach and expand limits or responsible and willing slave. No FF, cast. Photo if possible. Box 613

SANTA MONICA, W/m, 50, seeking someone to recycled bear, give and take Box 206

SF ASSHOLE
White man, 45, 5'9", 185 lbs., personable, seeks clean, lustful, responsive asshole for mutual tongue and toy sessions. Can't get them juicy and talking. No scat Box 615

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs. white, 8" black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking non smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time black/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather toman, under 45, to fulfill my desires to learn, serve and please a man who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, tats, or farts. Photo please, Sir, Box 85133, L.A., CA 90028

LONG BEACH, 28, 5'9", 180 lbs. hot top secks coat and ball pain worship, B&D, WS, shave, torture, pain worship only need play. Rick, Box 617

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 75 lbs. white, 7", knowledgeable experienced, muscular, masculine goodlooking dude, well-equipped with toys, seeks anal, submissive partner, 20, should be clean shaven, clean-cut. Box 520

L.A. FILTH
Tough, hairy, no-drinking, cigar-smoking, loud mouthed dirty dude with rank amput, slimy asshole and a crudely uncult cock wears gear, boots, some S&M, leathers, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, passing, shitting, puking, and tormenting and hitting. Gets off with a hard, constraining, mud, toilet, rubbers and oil. Box 294VB

ORAL SALVE
SF AREA, w/m, 41, 6'1", 185 lbs. cut, needs uncult master any race, age to 45. Love play, forekicks, handjobs, anal, leathers, and toys. Getting face or ass fucked. Lick S&M, B&D okay. More fun than pain. No uninhibited oral/anal slave. Box 620

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 8", 190 lbs. 7" uncult, experienced leather or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoor scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced Box 318V2

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 7", 5'10" Previus experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Not over 40, 6'10" and taller, hng over 6" dressed in full leather. Box 136H

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 165 lbs. white, 8", knowledgeable, strict, into S&M, leathers, and hot top men for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, farts, tats. Love sex Box 133

ORAL SALVE
Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., uncult, seeks a good ass, respect service, appreciates WS, dirty tats, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, asshole lick ng. Looking for white, latin or Asian into having a tall slave. Should be 18-45 masculine, leather levi. Box 491F

VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3", 225 lbs. German, 7"; seeks well-built men over 35, over 6' tall, in levis or leathers, into S&M, leathers, masculine and willing to learn. Box 170

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs. semi-muscular, short hair, trains the States in April '80. Looking for aggressive, masculine, 25-46, with no farts, to try new things. No farts. Box 265

WOODLAND HILL, M, Places, 40, 5'10", 165 lbs. white, 8" enjoys cock and ball action, catheters, enema, serious ass by controlling Master, 3 ways. Box 132M

LOS ANGELES, M, Virgo, 49, 5'10", 145 lbs. white, 8", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient Box 182

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs. white, 8" seeks a man willing and eager to learn complete sub mission, to 4-6 or cause suffering with levi-wet, asshole partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicaps. Box 206

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs. muscular, hairless, cut, seeks physical stimulus, turn on to music, uncult, ass, bold peck, FF, WS, tiwork, whipping into either role, can give and take. No tats, cast, heavy drugs, farts or permanent damage. Box 372

COLORADO

Will write to all goodlooking, well built guys wearing leather pants, who like to be fucked. Leo, 40, Box 616, Silverton, CO 81343. Include photo

LEATHER TRAINING
By older, experienced leatherman to young novice, beginner or advanced, can teach you all lifetime needs in basic. Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals. Instructor Col. Mark J. Men, Box 9887, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER BUTCH
W/m, 30, top B&D, S&M, WS,
90+ Days, NS 23, 1680 Login,
nervous, CO 80203

DISCIPLINE
Wanted and given by goodlooking,
uninhibited, imaginative stud, 32,
5'5", 125 lbs., into leather, tight
faced levis, bondage, S&M, WS,
humiliation and more. Have equip-
ment. Can travel. Box 577

CONNECTICUT
SOUTH CT/ANY, S, 27, 5'7", 135
lb., Oriental, seeks white, 25-35,
18-40, into spanking, anemas, big
discipline. Send photo and photo
Box 584

BLACK MASTER
38, 200 lbs, 6'3", 9" cock, into
F.F. WS, C&B torture, ether, chains.
Looking for obedient slave. Limits
enforced. Box 578

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50's, 5'10",
175 lbs, white, 8", old hand. Ec-
perenced top man will train unin-
hibited, honest partner to 60. No
drugs, phones, dullards, feds, feds.
Box 329

Those who want a dominant and ex-
perienced leather Master send me
your application. This is for friends
of the Leather/Levi S&M Scene.
Leather, toys, bondage and disci-
plining items will be used on
acceptable applicants. Box 51E

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs, husky hairy
6", cut, slave, 18-35, white, firm or mus-
cle, into bondage and discipline,
toys, willing to serve and obey.
Box 257

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, SM, 30, 33, 5'10",
130 lbs, white, 10", knowledgeable
and interested in variety of sexual
experiences and willing to try them
with mature, uninhibited partners,
45-50. No feds, feds, long hair or
body odor. Box 840

WASHINGTON, Steve, 54, 5'5",
165 lbs, white, 6" Penis. Relishes
being subservient to decent, good-
looking Master who is sincere and
has a sense of humor. Prefer cut,
uncut, 35, no beard, no heads, or
hairy bodies. Box 227S

Prigmaster available for young
30-40 into hairy, initiation scenes.
DC Bet area and can travel. East
Coast. All with phone, photo and
address. Agency: Box 2000,
Box 9690 Washington, DC 20016

FLORIDA

M, 5'10", 165 lbs, 50, 6", cut, tight
but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy,
macho, funky, rugged man under
200 lbs, into leather, un-
feds, 90+ days, WS, 23, 1680 Login,
pleased by a man who can please No
skinies or pretty boys. Box 659

M AMI/UNIFORM STUDS
SM, Taurus, 25, 6", 165 lbs, white,
2", masculine, muscular stud seeks
both uniform buddies into police
and military scenes. Only butch
studs with boot or uniform fetish
needed. Real motorcycle cops
and military make a plus. Discretion
assured. Uninformed photo with
phone number. Box 201FLW

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pines, 36,
175 lbs, white, 8", old hand,
can endure much in either role and
wants obedient partner who
knows what he is doing. Into heavy
S&M regular sex. No feds, amateurs.
Box 1251

HAIRY MACHO MEN
If you're into funky, hot, sweaty
sex and are hairy, rugged, rough
masters, write me and tell me what
you would do to me. This good
slave can travel and can receive. Also
specializing in WS, S&M B&D
rimming, Ft and Gt with Mr Right
Box 59

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, M, 25,
5'11", 150 lbs, blond, good build
into looking for hot, hairy active from
built, heavy dudes. Into leather, levis,
heavy fucking, toys, cut, WS, 23,
1680 Login, 90+ days, WS, 23, 1680
Login. Give me one please, Sir
Box 612

FL LAUDERDALE, male agent with
Mike of Elm City in drummer No 34
about More Movie Mayhem Let's
correspond. Box 604

ORLANDO, Leo, MS, 28, 6'2",
seeks clean-cut topman into light
S&M, fucking, and disciplining
my limits. Possible role switching.
Box 574

HIALEAH, SM, Pines, 32, 5'6",
165 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable
experienced in both roles to go as far
as partner's experience permits. Her
role should be well built, over 25
not in Miami or Ft Lauderdale. No
feds, feds, long hairs. Box 2

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 50,
5'5", 155 lbs, white, knowledgeable
commanded, willing to please. Box
520

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN
For heavy WS, sweaty muscle tick-
ling, anemas, exhibitionism, mirrors,
feds, with this goodlooking narcissist
30, 5'10", 180 lbs, blond hair,
butch, hairy Studs can twist me down
and use me at both ends. Submissives
will stay down, drink, and worship
me. Box 47

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38,
5'7", 140 lbs, cretcut, construc-
tion worker, into leather levis, boots,
bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky
scenes. Am masculine and hunk.
Need serious, firm masculine, cut
hairy, piss thirsty dudes. Limited
travel ok. Submit qualifications and
photo to Box 315

FT LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7",
160 lbs, 7" cut, big balls and big
hands looking for FF hairy-receivers
for three-ways with would-be slave.
No cut or heavy pain traps. Demand
ing but considerate. Box 758

GEORGIA

W/m, 23, 5'8", very oral. Really get
off on WS from mouthstached or
beard-bearing studs. 24-40. No feds.
Also into boot/ass licking, spit,
verbal abuse, humiliation, light B&D.
Write Box 14481, Atlanta, GA
30324

HAWAII

HONOLULU, 25, 6", blond blond
smooth body, 8", desires butch
locals, white bodybuilders or hunky
fellas, 18-30. No feds, feds, cut.
Enjoy being bottom. Box 614

HONOLULU, 24, 6'4", slender,
hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing
to experience being bottom. Very
masculine, expect same, 18-35
white, hunk, clean. No feds, feds,
cut. Box 254

WHATTHEHELLIS DRUMME AT'S
THE BIGGEST COLLECTION OF
SURE THING TWO BITS
CAN B.V.

FIND IT IN DRUMBETS!
WHAT EVER IT IS.

IDAHO
TRAVELING DOMINANT
S, 38, 5'11", 200 lbs, husky, 7"
cut, looking for willing bottoms.
Intelligent tops (can switch for trust
worthy master) into toys, groups,
bondage, an always horny. No feds,
feds, WS, drugs or heavy pain, in
terested in possible vacation/ski bud
Box 16

ILLINOIS
HEY! FIGHTIN' STUDS!
I want fuckface! Thank you're tough
stud! I love to ride! Strong hairy
leather stud challenges you to fight
for top. No holds barred submission
travel in my ring. Loser submits
totally obedient to B&D, FF, WS,
whichever pleases winner. Man enough
to fight, fighting, scum? Letter
please to Hank Trout 1442 N
Sheridan Chicago, IL 60640

CHICAGO, M, 29, 175 lbs, 6'2",
light hair, hairy, 6" cut, 35
disciplining, well built, masculine,
hunk and experienced. No FF. Am
new to scene and need training.
Box 602

PADUKE, JERRY, 31, 175 lbs,
will give serious corporal punishment
to deserving guy. 21-35. K. Thomas
Box A1032 Chicago, IL 60609

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs, 23
8" cut, semi-muscular goodlooking
brown, hairy, 25, seeks muscle
stud, hairy, 25-35, 6" cut, 35
over 8" in leather levis. Can serve
the master who knows how to
use a good service and discipline.
Will be butch, hairy, 25-35, 6" cut, 35
and exerts authority. Box 3098

PERMANENT TOTAL SLAVE
WANTED

Chicago. Must be young, dedicated
train smooth body muscular, disci-
plined, 25-35, 6" cut, 35, 25-35,
experienced masters, ages 25 and 20,
into heavy S&M, B&D, WS, suppen-
ing, shaving, public display, hogging,
training. Will be used daily
work permit, but must return to call
after house duties. We have 1000 sq
feet of training quarters, complete
with cell, tub, racks, restraints, toys,
slings, suspension chambers, etc. No
feds, feds, balds or novices. Serious
inquiries only. Baker 1435 W
Wofford, Chicago, IL 60657

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11",
170 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable
turned on by high, hairy boots and
wants slave with same strong inter-
est in me. Must be muscular.
Master wears rubber boots for rub-
ber slaves. Leather boots for leather
slaves. Lovers respected, no drugs.
Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston
IL 60701

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140
lbs, 7 1/2" cut, white, completely
inexperienced. Willing to try any
thing with the right partner. Has in-
terest desire to orally serve beer
drinker heavily into w/s who wants a
man-to-man relationship with warm,
affectionate partner should be well
built with body hair. Box 160

CHICAGO, 34, 5'8", 130 lbs, seek
ing hairy, experienced and
wonderful prepper guys with experi-
ence. Also prefer mutual scenes. No
bullshit, feds, or feds. Olav, Box
25587, Chicago, IL 60625

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10",
175 lbs, white, 6" cut, well-endowed
enthusiastic and willing to try almost
anything with level headed partner in
good physical condition. No feds,
feds, Box 1982

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs,
muscular, S, dominant and knowl-
edgeable. 7" cut. Handsome
builder knows how to give orders,
knows how to get service, and knows
how to punish failure. Polenta slave
should be submissive, 21-35, obedi-
ent, and know his place. No feds.
Box 181P

W/m, 29, seeks guys into B&D,
humiliation in underwear or ring
chairs. 18-40, 60 B-r, No SK,
Chicago, IL 60657

Northwest suburb of Chicago, young
white male, 25, into leather, to meet
other young males. Box 580

WANTED SLAVE
No week ends, or overnights. For life
of obedience and servitude. Age
unimportant. Into all scenes except
acet. Box 605F

MAN WANTED
M, 24, 165 lbs, muscular and hand-
some looking for discipline, mas-
turbate, hung man for wild, uninhibited
sex. I'm into most scenes. Photo a
must. Send details and phone num-
ber to Mike, Box 19587, Chicago,
IL 60610

BODYBUILDER
S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into
various scenes. Wants loving slave
the stimulation and sexual fulfill-
ment. No feds, feds, good service.
Aries, 6", 180 lbs, located in the St.
Charles, IL 60150

BORN TO SERVE
Need to worship big, muscular body
know how to do so with experience
of submission and discipline. 23,
5'8", 155 lbs. Master but muscular
built. Prefer someone in their 30's,
as a slave well motivated, muscu-
lar, ruggedly chested if possible. White. Am always
extremely firm, he should respect
limits, and not regard a show of al-
fection as a sign of weakness. Box 58

YOUNG NOVICE
23, 5'10", 135 lbs, into discipline
and humiliation, needs training. Box
878

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11",
175 lbs, white, 6" knowledge, be-
turned on by high, hairy boots and
wants slave with same strong inter-
est for mutually booted sessions. Re-
spect limits. No feds, feds, hard
drugs. Box 1722S

SLAVE WANTED
Master looking for slave who will
obey and please. Slave will be ex-
pected and shaved, must be into
light S&M B&D WS. Must like to
ride, swim and bike. Under 35 and
willing to be a slave. Preferably Send
photo with letter. Box 314

CHICAGO, uncut, white, 28, looking
for scat, piss, any life you can think
of. Should be 24-40. Box 619

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 8'8", 160
lbs, looking for slave, 21-50, white
only. Am experienced, respectful
limits, but can be either extremely
sensitive or gentle, based on slaves
endurance. Must be clean. Box 382

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'3", 195
lbs, 6 1/2" cut, seeks willing, obedi-
ent, submissive slave, masculine,
sleazy, under 35, preferably uncut.
Am understanding but forceful. Box
1800

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6", 180
lbs, 6 1/2" cut, into B&D, hairy S&M
and try anything at all, even, but
best interest is in bondage and
pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men,
21-40, no feds. Box 73

11 Report by hand, plain paper, at
statements in "S" or "Master" (2)
the no personal pronouns (3)
the sentence each state interests
previous training, how best di-
rect, define how to serve a master
14) Verify age (5) Enclose personal
photo and/or description of body
parts with detail: hair, mouth, depth
finger, ear, nipples, color/shade
rock cut length (8) Identify scars,
marks, piercings, tattoos, all sen-
sitive areas. Report 30 days. Box 570

PHILADELPHIA, S. 41, 6'3 165
7' cut, sensitive to the limits
desires of a slave who is clean,
marked, 20-45, in good physical
a with low hanging balls. Box
26

PHILADELPHIA, M. Cancer, 40, 5'2", 210 lbs., white, 7"; learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced masculine S. Box 23

PHILADELPHIA, S. Aquarius, 46,
6'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", know
ledgeable. Masculine S seeks M under
35, into S&M, B&D, WS, oil, leather,
levis. Send photo and phone num
ber w th respectful letter Box 209

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'-11", 140 lbs., white 8" Completely inexperienced but willing to learn from refined web built partner to 50 Box 52F

PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorp-0.
42, 5'7", 180 lbs. white, 7', know-
ledgeable. Italian station, muscular
and hairy experienced to under-
stand limits in all areas. Master seeks
masculine, obedient slave to serve
his boots, ether and chains. We
train up to 35 n S&M B&O WS
chains, bike and western, leather
toys. Send letter of submission with
photo and phone. No bullfight Box
52

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs, semi-muscular, 7" uncult, big belly, 8 years in JSMC, ntp discipline looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service into face and ass fucking. No fat, fems or heavy S&M. Box BJ

WILKES BARRE, 5' Cancer, 41
 6', 170 lbs., wh. te, 12". Experience
 military discip narian with rure
 stockade. 20 years military ex
 perience, seeks prisoners, from be
 ginnars to experienced, for pen
 discipline. Scare is of primer
 importance. Steel bondage, cell
 cages, heavy physical exercise use
 Will train beginners. No fems, fat
 Box 55

PITTSBURGH S, 43, 6', 180 lbs
semi-muscular, 7'2" uncut, big bag
8 years in USMC. into diapering
Looking for masculin man, under
40 white, in leather or levis, who
understands submission and service
into face and ass fucking. No fat
fams or heavy S&M Box B3

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs., 2
white slave looking for master
2145, no fakes, tats, ferns, jgls
into WS, S&D, jack straps, tor
pants, verbal humiliation, public wo
ship. Make me your dog with coll
and leash. I will obey or else. W
go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore
DC Box 959

PHILADELPHIA, M. Libra, 49, 5' 10", 140 White 8" Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well built partner. P.O. Box 0524

SCRANTON, M. Gemma, white, 47, 5'8", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. An adventurous and pretty solid. Any nice okay. B... 964

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, flogs, spanking, WS, phone (809) 722 3831 Will be waiting Miami and NYC in August Am 5'11 light brown 148 lbs. all ran

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NASHVILLE, S. 36, 6', 150 lbs, 8" uncult, masculine stud looking for well built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations into man-to-man action. No bullshitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box B1

FT WORTH SM, 47, 5' 7" 160 lbs, 7' uncut, German Aquarius looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. No into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D

Seek w/m to 35 for learning. Must be muscular. Need my horizon broadened. New to S&M. Photos desired. Box 578

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8'4", completely inexperienced, prefer someone to explore our known fantasies. Prefer hot, hormonal masculine outdoor type, no heavy action, new to this but willing to try anything once. Race no problem. No scud/dops. Want to hear from a you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 266

TATTOO ARTIST WANTED
for lover/slave permanent position
by white master, 38. Must be under
35, under 145 lbs., no whites, no
blacks. Write with photo to T
Master, Box 815, Richmond, T
77469.

clude, but not limited to leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MC police uniforms (breeches and boots) Most anxious to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographic location or current residence. B-171

Mexican or Oriental lover gave
permanent position Slave must
under 35 under 145 lbs into bo
day tattoos shaving light S&L
WS willing to relocate Quarte
furnished along with other nee
Write TM Master, Box 816, Ric
mond, TX 77469

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WHATEVER IT IS.

taken by hunky 31, 6', 180 lbs. Send letter and phone to. Box 38258, Dallas, TX 75235

adventurous weekend slave for fantasy fulfillment. Dominant Submissives masters demand muscular, masculine, appreciative slaves, eager for domination. We'll twist your tits, fist your ass and piss all over you if you're good! Explore and expand your limits. Satisfy your hunger for service and knowledge thru fantasy, mixed with a little reality. Send photo, phone, qualifications, aspirations to Box 60.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, SM, 34, 5' 11", muscular, experienced, will be riding to Northern California, May-June. Want a 'night visitor'? Write Box 591

LYNCHBURG, MS. 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in training. 20-35, white, masculine, no false pretense. Box 139.

VA BEACH hunky w.m. 37
lbs 56 brown hair brown eyes
like to be listed, lacking assholes,
tit play, hairy guys turn me on. Have
7", goodlooking Box 627

SM 15 preferred 29 5'8", 142 lbs.
muscular 8' cut seeks short haired
cleancut muscular M who is main-
line and knows how to follow orders.
Am demanding, forceful - but
know when to pull back, respect-
less. While I am attracted to other
tops, it takes quite a man to get me
to bottom, and then not for very
long. Box 29-51450

RICHMOND 5 Leo 45. 6'1" 175 lbs. white, 8 cut brown hair blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, leather, levis, truckers, horses, WS, p/o, high S&M, boot lover Business needs states travel entire U.S. Reply with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501 Richmond, VA 23220

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs., white, 7", novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, fat. BORN 1950-2

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7'4" uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs
Box 181X

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Living list, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys. Into uniforms sports if you know what I mean. Am hot for truckers, cowboys and leathermen. Am 5'11" 170 lbs husky, 9" uncut. Box 688

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN, S. Libra, 27, 6
175 lbs., white, 7", novice w/
satisfy needs of mutually honest
understanding partner into W/
B&D humiliation, public exhibition
ism. NO heavy drugs, selfish type.
Box 130W

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 26
5'7", 150 lbs., white, 7", novice
Mean, bearded stud seeks avail-
able contacts to 24 with nice ass,
at least 6". Nobody too involved
with anyone. Only 82K

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42
5'4", 210 lbs., white, 6", know-
ledgeable. 15 years as a slave has
taught him to enjoy both sides with
intelligent partner, 25-60. No fats.

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into
whippings with belts, welts, tit tor-
ture, verbal abuse, bondage, man-
acles, shackles, gags, pigs, enemas,
sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis,
boots and uniforms. Seeks corres-
pondence and/or meetings with domi-
nant white Masters in USA, Canada,
England, Germany, Sweden and Aus-
tralia. Box 687C

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Want to hear from anyone who knows of safe and permanent methods for enlarging cock. Interested in any ideas including surgical methods (names of surgeons?), silicone injection, etc. Will reply to your letter with what I know. No gimmicks. Occ, 2420 First Avenue, No. 1004 Seattle WA 98131

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East Send us info on your favorite hot spot and we'll send you a copy of our list. Give us H-way No., State, Town, landmarks, best hours, etc. before May '80 so we can get the list in the mail. Box 535

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Goodlooking guy touring US in June wants to meet others. WS, fits S&M, anything goes. Either way. Photo please. Box 609.

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The Nationwide/international organization for men into feet, socks, boots, etc. Send name, age to Footman, Box 741-D, New York, NY 10004.

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A private contact club \$1 flushes an application, \$3 flushes a tissue sample, \$5 flushes the Roll Roll video or without your listing Write: John H. E. 433 Douglas St., San Francisco, CA 94114

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Lace up to top, thick leather construction, Super Lug or 50 ke soles available. Any size or width, many styles available. Write to Jim, Box 23764, San Jose, CA 95123 in clude 25c for mailing list.

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A unique device that brings every thing up to the limit. What you want you've got. If you like big baskets we've got what you want. Adjustable to fit any size tool. \$50 from Pleasure Chest Mfg., Room 1200, 153 West 27th Street, New York, NY 10001.

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Experienced bodybuilder, 29, with 26" waist, 41" chest, solid, hard, handsome — even intelligent. Gentle bodybuilders and together men into sexual/sexual pain on the chest and nuts, spontaneous orgasms, WS and specialized sexual equipment, call an expert. No marks, danger or danger from someone who doesn't know what's hell he's doing. (415) 864-5666.

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Handsome, dominant top, 32, 6' 1", 185 lbs. Well dressed, lowered, enjoys bottoms for bondage. Humiliation, WS, enemas, C&B and teamwork, FF, shaving, airfoam, toys and more. A gentleman. Totally equipped. Novices consaid and limits respected. Call Don (415) 863-6401. Master David, 26 S. 175 West 15th St., New York, NY (thickest) for 3 ways. Photo sets also for sale.

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28, hot, heavy hung, dirt sweat, smokes, muscles, tattooed, dirty white in run down old toilets in quiet parks, etc. J/O, coppers, bear (the) construction worker hangouts. C&B respond with same on US/Australian experiences. Stogies, cig, smokes, beer/drink/wine same, maybe more in filthy shithouse some day. Dig 1/0 letters. Box 961A (include one way airmail postage with reply in this ad).

MELBOURNE, M. 42, 6'3" 180 lbs, 7" cut, hairy, topped, 23" waist, hung, macho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected. Box 268.

CANADA

ONTARIO 24, 4'11", 6'7" cut, muscular, 160 lbs. Books for muscular, or well built muscular men under 40, well hung white. Black Hawk. Real deals, save, have my asshole used. Box 473.

MONTREAL
5, 32, 6'2", dark hair, topped, into heavy and long sessions of S&M, pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping catheters, ice-cold back, at home or in public. Will eat, drink, and fuck. Hard but respect limits of willing and respectful M's. Box 123.

TORONTO, S. 24, 5'8", blond muscular, 7" cut, experienced, hard but respect limits. Sex good, loaded slave. Send photos, phone and interests. J.C. Box 391, St. Toron to Ontario. Canada M4G 4C3.

Wim, 26, 6'1", 145 lbs, blond, blue eyes, boy next-door type, swimmer's build, into hot, raunchy, trippy sex. Live! send photos into FF, H&B, Fr., Gr. visual trips, torn levis, kink straps. Prefer bottom role but will switch or mutual with right dude. Travelling through the US, California, Vegas in March/April. Prefer 1835, Photo and phone, please. Jay, Box 900-213, 1111 West, Cumberland Terrace, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6V 3E2.

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Have pad, (604) 921-7721

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S. 45, 5'11", 150 lbs, slender, blond, hairy, 8" cut, very nice disciplinarian but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, under 5'10", prefer uncirc, short, no penetration. Will learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fots, films, cast. Applicants should be willing to experience S&M, S&M, B&D, WS, and toys. Box 238.

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BY BILL WARD



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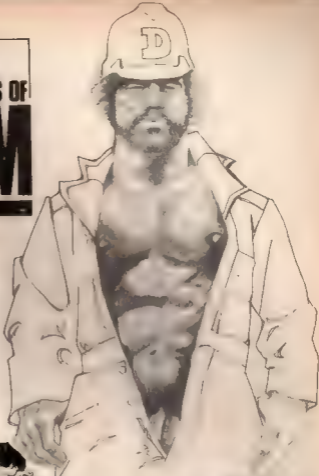


GO AWAY,
DRUM. I'M
TRYING TO
THINK UP
YOUR NEXT
ADVENTURE

WHY NOT MAKE
IT INTO A CARTOON
STRIP FOR A CHANGE.
... IT MIGHT BE FUN.
I'M KINDA TIRED OF BEING
BEATEN UP IN THESE
ADVENTURES...

IT'S ALRIGHT FOR
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HAVE TO THINK UP
WHAT TO DRAW
EVERY MONTH...

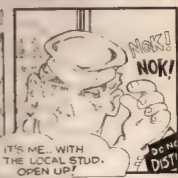
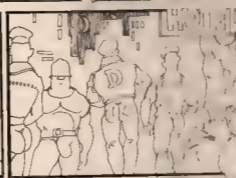
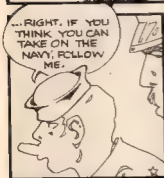
I TAKE MY
CLOTHES OFF TO
POSE FOR YOU.
DON'T I?



JUST DRAW ME
GOING INTO
A BAR-AND
WE'LL SEE
WHAT
HAPPENS..

STRAIGHT
UP
INN





Tough Swit.

TEAROOM QUEENS IN HIGH PLACES

Washington State Representative Eric Rohrbach (Rep.), Leopold Schmidt (President of Olympia Brewing Company), and Joseph Dean Gregorius (head of the state's Bureau of Alcoholism and Substance Abuse) were all arrested in a public restroom on Capitol Lake, near the Washington State Legislative Building in connection with activity "of a homosexual nature."

The restroom had been under police surveillance for two weeks before the three important men were arrested.

Representative Rohrbach offered his resignation in a short but emotional speech delivered in the House of Representatives a few days later. Said Rohrbach, "I

stand before you innocent of these charges. I am not a homosexual. Unfortunately I probably stand convicted already in many people's minds." Rohrbach also announced his intention to marry his fiancée, Mary Kay.

Leopold Schmidt resigned his position as head of Olympia Brewing Company, and Joseph Dean Gregorius offered his resignation from the State office.

The obvious occurs to us: If these three men were innocent, they are in positions to go after what would be *prima facie* police abuse. If they were arrested legally, they have an obligation to affect social change. That they have all three decided to lock themselves in a closet . . . well, that's tough shit.



NUCLEAR FAMILY INDEMNITY

As if the message wasn't already clear in their brochure, American Express made it look like the "daughter" had been hanged by her insurance-protected family. Unless prospective policy buyers get the

wrong idea too strongly, the brochure strictly states that claims will not be paid for accidents that are in truth "a felony or other illegal activity." *Infanticide* is still against the law.



HEADLINES

CRUISING KILLER

On February 15th, the day *Cruising* opened in New York City, Supreme Court Justice Arthur Blyn gave convicted killer Richard Schreiner a probation for the murder of a 22-year-old gay man, saying the defendant would not benefit from going to jail.

The prosecution had asked for a sentence of 15 years on the conviction for non-intentional manslaughter in the 1978 case. The victim, Edward Maloney, was found in his 82nd Street apartment by his parents. His hands and feet had been bound, a kitchen knife protruded from his chest and he had been strangled. Very similar to the opening murder sequence in William Friedkin's film, *Cruising*, except that in the film the victim is stabbed in the back.

At the trial, Schreiner claimed no recollection of the murder, saying that he frequently had black outs after daily consumptions of 18 cans of beer and four marijuana cigarettes. This obviously influenced the judge's decision not to send Schreiner to prison for the murder. Blyn cited the "blackout" testimony as evidence of the defendant's alleged personality disorder. The judge refused to let the jury see photographs of the victim as he was found, claiming that seeing the photographs would prejudice the jury.

"It's because of judges like him," Maloney's mother told the press, "that there are so many murders in New York." She also added, "I don't think that when the jury found him guilty they expected him to be roaming the streets."

The moral to this story is not that beer and marijuana lead to murder. The moral is. As long as it is gays who are being killed, the courts could give a shit.

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The PORTABLE MALE DOUCHE gives you a headstart on your spring tune-up! So compact, so discreet, it travels anywhere! A must for those heavy-duty trips! This super handy portable male douche contains 1/2 gal. vinyl bag, a 60-inch hose with lubricated tip, and a packet of Castile soap concentrate. Only \$9.95 each!



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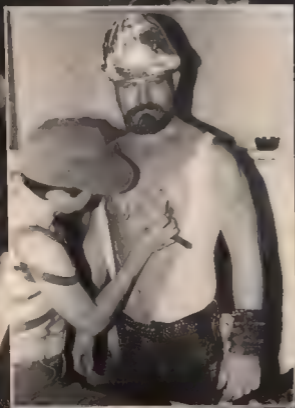
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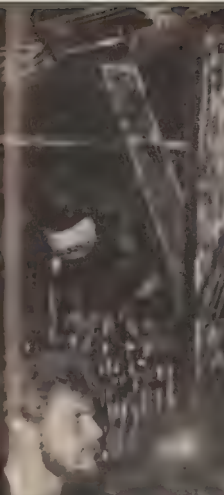
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DRUMMER TOURS FLORIDA





WELCOME DRUMMER TO THE MINE SHAFT

LEATHER FRATERNITY NIGHT AT THE MINE SHAFT

Regardless where you live, you probably have set ideas about life in Florida unless you already live in Florida.

For years, the stereotype has been either the red-neck hot rodder who went to Ft. Lauderdale for Spash Day or the laid-back retired former New York Jewish population that built up Miami Beach.

And you might not think Florida, with all its beaches, sand and sunshine, would be a good place to show off your leather.

Or you might think Florida, since the advent of Anita Bryant, was just too reserved for any worthwhile getting-down.

Wrong. Florida is packed to the rafters with hot, hunky, low-down sex machines, and there are bike clubs by the score, including two of the best organized in the country: The Brotherhood MC and The Thebans.

Florida stays right up there with the hot action and wild nights usually associated with New York and San Francisco. In some instances, they might have a slight edge.

The Mine Shaft, the host for Drummer's Leather Fraternity Night in March, is typical of the variety Miami has to offer. The range of hot men runs the gamut; the action is as intense as anywhere you can think of comparing. This two floor facility has something for everyone and someone for everything, from a shoe shine stand where a hot tongue cleans the boots, to heavyweight sing rooms.

Mother's, a place whose reputation usually precedes it, is every bit as hot, and not far from the Mine Shaft (but to conquer both places in a single night might be a tall order for the visitor). Mother's is also the home of Cell Block Leather.

The judging for Leather Fraternity Night finally narrowed a wide range of



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men down to 12 finalists. From those, Bob Earl was named Prime Meat, Bill France was chosen Best of Breed, and

the Mine Shaft/Drummer Man was Roger Barrentine

K.S.



Special thanks to Ron Bachmiller and the staff of the Mine Shaft. Stan Dreben of Popper Toppers, Jack Sullivan of Performance, The Thebans and the

Brotherhood Motorcycle Clubs. Special thanks is also due to Dennis and the staff of the Club Key West for all their help and consideration.



TROPICAL LEATHER

Who would have thought that it would happen to me?

It all began on one of those terrible snowy nights in Buffalo, my home town. We're known for our big snows. And it was well into a particular severe winter that the dark depression of that sort of season began to set in. I had to get away. I had to go somewhere where the men on the street weren't wearing twenty pounds of overcoat, two wool scarves, snow boots, and had a faithful Saint Bernard tagging behind them with a flask of brandy and a road map.

I had heard about Key West, but it might as well have been Mars. What's a New York street sleaze like me, more at home gulping down vast quantities of manpiss in the Mineshaft, going to do under a palm tree on a desert island? And I had this deep-seated suspicion that all the faggots in Florida wore white jeans and cashmere pullovers. Still, there's hot meat just about everywhere, and I figured I might be able to snare a couple of healthy hunks with my New York decadence.

I called all the big hotels and couldn't find a room in a single one. Obviously a hell of a lot of other people on the East Coast had decided enough snow was enough. I was desperate to get out of Buffalo. Last resort meant scanning the guest houses that advertised in the *Avocado*. Any place to stow a flightbag. Guess what? Filled, every last one.

The only thing left to do was head for the local downtown watering hole and hope under all that snowgear an honest shit stud would be waiting.

One drink and in walks Mack. Now Mack is this local honcho I used to crawl across the floor for once or twice I got to lick the polish off his always-polished boots. Once I even felt the terrible swift sting of his two-inch wide chrome-studded leather belt across my whiting white ass. But just as things looked like they were settling in for a

season of slave-making, Mack took an out-of-town job that kept him out of circulation. And there was this long line of local bottoms who were already ahead of me. Mack was in no mood to warm up his leather belt on my ass this night. It seemed he already had reservations at a guest house in Key West, his airline ticket, had made an advance deposit on his room; and had been told by his heartless boss that he would be needed all weekend to get a new project finished. He was going to have to forfeit his deposit.

I had my check book out quicker than a stud in heat can say "Bend over!" and managed to bring a little cheer to the corner of his mustachioed lips. His deposit was saved and I was going to Key West.

The name of the guest house was Big Ruby's. That, and his assurance that it was right in the middle of the action was all the information I had gotten out of Mack.

Big Ruby's brought images of fat ladies playing at a piano bar, peanut shells on the floor, and scores of tanned, one-eyed twinks mooning over "Moon River."

I recklessly boarded my flight to Miami and changed onto the Air Florida flight to Key West. I had never been to Miami, I had brought enough leather to re-cover a steer, but was glad as hell I hadn't worn it on the plane. When I got off at the Miami Airport, the blast of hot air made my wall furnace seem like a match flame. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the air was clean, and it was hot as hell.

I had mumbled the name of the guest house to the cab driver and was fumbling in my pocket for the address as he pulled away from the curb. By the time I dug it out we were on our way there. Maybe he had a friend who worked there, who knows.

Big Ruby's loomed into view, like a building from another century. Key West was no desert. The place was live with lush green plants, flowering bushes

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very tropical stuff. I listened for the tinkling of "Caribbean Heat Wave" from the piano I was sure was tucked away in this fashionable hotel. But not a sound.

The help, at least in the form of the desk clerk, was a hot little blonde, muscular, short haired stud, full of smiles. I made a mental note to see how available he was, in case this was the closest I came to masculinity on this uncharted oasis. The room was fine, very large, huge windows overlooking a great pool surrounded by more local vegetation. This place was a hell of a lot greener than Buffalo. I'll give it that.

Real casual like, as I was unloading leather chaps, rather jockstrap, and leather vest, he directed my attention to a small building on the grounds visible from my window.

"That's the slave quarters."

Another one of those Florida smiles and he was out the door.

Before my blood could start pounding, I reminded myself that what he was probably referring to was one of those ante-bellum relics with the names of all the noble slaves who had served the "Massah" enshrined on little plaques.

Key West stands somewhere between Provincetown and Fire Island in ambience. It has the more polished image of the Island with its sophisticated, heavily New York clientele, but it also has the size and commercial feel of Provincetown.

One of the surprises of the Last Resort, as it is called, is the heavy influx of European travellers who are taking advantage of more frequent and more convenient trans-Atlantic flights to Miami. It adds a bit of frosting on the cake to have the place so filled with Frenchmen, Germans and British tourists.

Key West is especially close to that in P town in one respect: the gay life is centered around guesthouses. We've already given you some hints about Big Ruby's in the accompanying article, here are some other spots you might want to consider.

Casa Donovan, 617 Whitehead, Key West, FL 33040. (305) 294-2323. The place to stay if you ever really wanted to know a real life porn star. It's operated by Casey Donovan/Cal Culver, himself!

The Pines, 521 United Street, Key West, FL 33040. (305) 296-2107 or 9494. The most New York of the guesthouses, a nice secluded pool. Very

This place just didn't look like slave quarter property not in any way I was used to experiencing.

What the hell, I figured, get your clothes off, go down to the pool, catch a little sun, have a few drinks and forget about anything more exciting than a blow-job between naps, right?

Wrong. Incredibly wrong. When I got down to the pool I discovered that the only difference between this crowd and my old Mineshaft fuck-buddies was that these guys all had a tan. From heavy-duty underwater fisting to open-mouthed public urinals; this place was created for the man who knows what he wants and how he wants it. And the variety was incredible. Besides the New Yorkers getting away from the cold and damp, there were hunks from places I had never heard of, and all prime stuff. In fact, this bunch looked like it had been catered by the Marquise de Sade himself.

(Big Ruby's is located at 409 Smith Lane, Key West, Florida 33040. (305) 294-5866. This is the place for Drummer men in Key West.)

J.P.

friendly.

Simonton Court, 320 Simonton Court, Key West, FL 33040. (305) 294-6356. It's known for heavy action, a special favorite of FFAs.

For more complete information the Key West Business Guild provides a free directory and map for the gay tourist. Call them toll-free (800) 327-9191, ext. 499 or (in Florida) (305) 432-7999, ext. 499.

By far the easiest way to get to Key West is by air via Air Florida, which flies 737's between the island and Miami. At all costs, though, avoid the connecting flights on Air Florida from Northern cities. The service is horrible and the planes cramped. Take your own favorite airline to Miami International and then suffer Air Florida only for the last 20-minute leg of the flight.

You should be very aware that Key West is a red-necked Southern city. This may be touted as a gay resort, but the natives are often unfriendly and there have been highly publicized incidents of rag-baiting and beating. Even long-time resident Tennessee Williams got it from the locals on one night. Check out the mood of the town with your innkeepers.

We couldn't hold our Leather Fraternity Night at all the bars we thought were hot in Miami, although it was suggested. So, here's some of the places you want to be sure and visit if you go down that way

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3416 Main Highway
Coconut Grove
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MINE SHAFT
112 South Miami Ave.
(305) 374-7090

MOTHER'S
113 NW 1st Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO
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MINE SHAFT



THE WRECK ROOM

He finally found the place on East Erie. They had told him it was his only hope for a hot time in Milwaukee. The warm glow in his crotch told him he needed it. He needed it bad. Tonight.

He'd been on a road trip for a whole week. Every little nondescript burg in the Midwest. His only taste of ass had been a piece of pumpled faced meat that was barely this side of jalbait. That wasn't enough. He needed a man.

They had told him back on the Coast that the Wreck Room would give him more of what he wanted. His tongue ran with saliva at the thought of finding something he could chomp his mouth down on. His chest tingled with the feeling he imagined it would get if some stud would take those worn, erect pieces of tit in between his fingers and roll them around. Hard. He could feel the naked skin on his ass rub against the rough denim of his jeans, unprotected by the skanky lock strap he was wearing. Maybe tonight he'd find someone who'd take care of all that for him. Maybe tonight.

There's a kind of electricity that runs through his whole being whenever he walks into a leather bar. A tension. A sudden alertness. He got it as soon as the doors closed behind him here. It was the right place. There were plenty of big men standing around. The western wagon wheels tried to dominate the large room, but they were no match for the army of bulging crotches he saw protruding into his mind as he made a quick check of every stud in the place. That surge of electricity was his own early warning system. He knew it. Tonight. Yeah, tonight.

He kept his bravado look on his face as he strode over to the bar. His voice was as low as he could handle when he ordered the beer. His mind worked like a speeding computer as he thought it through. The whole situation. Milwaukee. A German city. The very few pieces of evidence brought up an image of tough German soldiers. Gestapo uniforms. Riding crops. Strict discipline.



Rough talk. His cock hardened

There was plenty of leather here, too. The computer whirled in his fantasies. Tough leather studs. Working over boot latching slaves with broad black leather belts. Motorcycles. Helmets.

Tonight.

He was stiff as a board in his pants. His cock almost hurt from the need for release.

Those wagon wheels. Cowboys. Play fighting with Indians. Bondage. A captive lashed around the saddle, his ass exposed to probing fingers, invading cocks, intruding fists. He could feel the ooze of his precum leak out of the engorged cockhead in his jockstrap.

"It's okay, baby," he spoke to his cock in his head, "you'll get it. You'll get off. Shoot your sweet love juice right in the air when..."

That's when the one image overcame him. The computer stopped functioning. It was no longer operative. He didn't need it now, anyway. He had found him. Bingo! No doubt about it. That was the one.

He was sitting on the bar itself. Wearing fatigue pants and a T-shirt. An army cap rode on the crest of a hard, mean looking face. That was for tonight, man. Tonight.

The uniform was underlined by high army boots, laced up over the cuffs of his pants. And the sex look was clear from the round mound of flesh that

leaned out onto the top of the bar and rested there, clad in olive drab issue, waiting... for him.

He caught his breath and let the computer start to work on the first words. Who was this. It was the NCO in boot camp. The sergeant on the fighting field. The jailor in the brig. Whoever he was, he was "Sir." No question. The man's body stiffened to attention as rigid as the salute his cock was giving. He accepted the harsh look of disdain only vaguely softened by interest that came back to him. "How do I tell him? I gotta let him know he can have it all. All of it. All of it tonight."

Their staring kept going for just enough time for the messages to be communicated. The olive dressed soldier approached him. Never taking his eyes from the submissive figure. He reached inside the stranger's shirt and found those waiting, willing nipples. The stare continued.

A flash. Reflecting light. Handcuffs. Quickly, expertly they were attached to his wrists, binding his hands behind him. The training had begun. They went into the cold Milwaukee night. Marching in cadence. The guard leading the way.

He was going to get it tonight.

(The Wreck Room is Milwaukee's fantasy playground. You can find what you're looking for at 265 East Erie. Be prepared.)

John Preston

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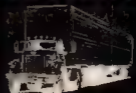
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André Hecht, 34, single, 1.80 m, 75 kg, blonde hair, blue eyes, white D.W. Hecht, Erikastr. 145, D 20000 Hamburg 20, West Germany

JEFFREY GEE/LOS ANGELES

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ROGER/BELGIUM

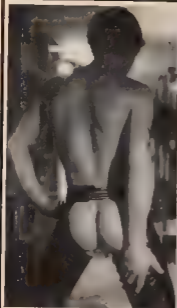
Hot stud is in New York occasionally and welcomes visits from macho travelers to Belgium. Into leather and uniforms. R. Verdon gen, Box 644, B1000 Brussels, Belgium



MIKE/MICHIGAN

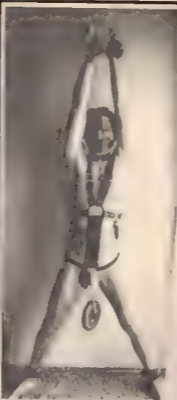
Sometimes I like to service jockstraps for my special pen-pals, those that can't grovel for the fresh stuff. Contact can be achieved by writing to my Drumbeats Box No 468





MICHAEL & FRIEND/HOLLAND

All our European readers have been telling us Amsterdam is becoming one of the hottest leather and S&M capitals of the world. Here is a little documentation.



AL/LOS ANGELES

My main interest is leather and bondage, but lately I have been getting into rubber.

JOHN/FLORIDA

Piss slave really gets into wetting his pants, the bed, etc. 22, 6' 145 lbs., John, Box 315, Sarasota, FL 33578.



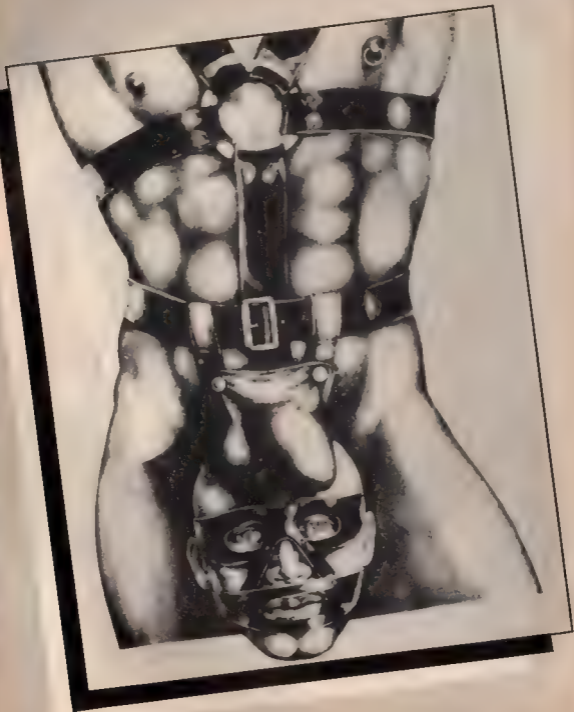
WALTER/WEST GERMANY

A highly-sexed, butch stud, big balled, wide-assed, experienced in both roles, have well-installed game room for bizarre scenes. Into ass action and F.F. Walter, Box 86 0114, D-5000 Cologne 86, West Germany.

MAXWELL/GEORGIA

Muscular stud into leather, sweat, rock straps, bikinis, posing and photography with other hard-muscled-up macho leather men. Maxwell, Box 658, Stone Mountain, GA 30086.





Dear Master

Sunday began with the usual funk that had begun to permeate our relationship together. Sean moaned around the apartment, obviously dissatisfied with something. I responded with my own silence. The whole scene left me with a combination of depression and anger. Fuck! What were we doing playing lovers if all that could happen was the same kind of bullshit that any two fags in the suburbs would go through. To make it worse, I couldn't figure out what was wrong. Sex seemed to be good. Hot, heavy, hard. Sean was a willing and experienced bottom, I certainly wasn't inept in my own sex role. We fucked well enough, but we couldn't seem to get rid of the living-together-blues that eroded every other gay relationship I ever saw.

We went through our common bitchy exchanges, ducking over where we were going to eat, he asked me what he should wear and then ignored by advice, we finally agreed to stop off at the new art gallery to see the show people had been talking about. It was the only thing we could decide to do together.

We walked down to the Village and over to the row of townhouses off the river where the gallery had its quarters. The whole time passed in utter silence. I had decided to tell Sean over lunch to forget the relationship. I wanted out. This was no kind of lover I wanted. I'd be better off going back to my bachelorhood and just tricking at the rate we were going.

The powerful images in the gallery shook us as soon as we walked in the room. One whole wall was covered with brightly colored oils - they were a type of still life, each one of the canvases was an ode to fist fucking with ripe, round asses presenting themselves against a backdrop of U.S. cans, Drummer covers and worn socks. Old Faithful rushed up in the tight confines of my jeans, automatically responding to the sex images in front of me. The silence was more natural as we took in the rest of the drawings and prints in the show. Many were heavy bondage, all of them were hot. I had a full hard-on going by the time I came to the last frame. It stunned me - a well muscled, leather-harnessed torso rising up over a masked head. Its powerful presentation of a master and his slave set off every fantasy I ever had about S&M, though I have to admit they had all been well primed by the other images.

In the background of the two figures was a long written text, I bent over to read it, aware of Sean beside, following along with me.

Dear Master

You have set yourself the most difficult task of all - making a slave/lover. Many guys have found that it could not be done and have had to choose which they wanted most.

How could anyone choose between the two? Didn't they have to both be there? That's what I wanted from Sean - a slave in bed, a lover in society. Was that so difficult to accomplish?

The two roles only combine when it is the slave who is more in love than the master. First, do not let the slave know too openly that you love him.

Really. Was that our problem? Did I show my affection too much? I wondered if it would be better if I let Sean do some chasing before. Maybe that could help now.

Second, he will want you to look good and hard - to know that you are proud and possessive of him.

That went against all my thoughts, though. What use was there pretending that I was going to make him monoga-mous? And wouldn't it just be cock-teasing to subject him to my own wanderings? But then I remembered how often Sean had told me that he never trusted my commitment to him. He never felt chosen. He never understood why I had picked him over anyone else. And I also remembered that he always complained that I never paid enough attention to him. Were these my problems? Would it be the salvation of everything we had going for us if I just kept him the slightest bit nervous by looking at other men and then letting him luxuriate in the confidence he'd feel if I eventually came back to him? It seemed too easy a task.

Third, in private after the scene make love to him - do it, don't talk about it.

I was embarrassed as I read that. Sean always complained about talk, talk, talk. I always wanted some kind of mature contract, some agreement, and sex seemed to be the way to solidify that. Maybe I was wrong, maybe a good, hard fucking after our sex play would tell him more than I could ever have said in words. Old Faithful was rigid with excitement now. It was thinking about the scene last night, the beautiful, stripped body, wrists cuffed behind his back, bowed over licking the heavy engineer boots, the ass tensed waiting for the belt to fly down and mark the mounds of flesh once more. The whole thing had gone on for hours. Sure, we got off, but Sean had somehow been disappointed when I wanted a beer and conversation later. This must be what happened to him. I was shocked that I could have misjudged the situation so badly.

Be the master - if he just wanted a lover he would be among the fluff. It is a master he wants - so do not undermine yourself in anyway what soever.

It was all coming back to me. The let down I had given myself by talking vacation plans about where to eat today. I'd asked for my advice about what to wear. I was the asshole, not him. I was the one who was forever vacillating. Trying to act like two perfectly matched marriage partners.

I stood up for a while and let the thoughts quickly move through my mind. It wasn't just those answers that were so clear to me. I was remembering how we met. And now, as I read these words I saw just what had turned him on so very much, and how I had failed to follow through for him. I had picked him up in a leather bar and we had a weekend of hot sex - playing with his body, my new toy, keeping him naked for the whole weekend in my house, just so I could watch the muscles move so eloquently across the room, just so I could have his asshole open and ready. I was the one who had kept him shackled for two days, I was the one who nonchalantly and naturally used his willing mouth as a toilet. I was the one who led him to expect it all as a life - not a trick.

And, of course, I was the one who then wanted to go to theatres we both agreed to, and to restaurants we both would enjoy, and share friends, and interests. I had changed the rules on him. I had tried to take a willing, even anxious slave and tried to turn him into a lover. And that was the root of the nearly constant rebellion he had been going through.

Jesus, he was a beautiful man. I was staring at him now. The tight leather of his chaps left a beautifully rounded ass framed in denim. The fullness of his chest pushed against his shirt, the light from the picture window illuminated his skin, and brought out the highlights of his beard and moustache. If I had wanted a lover to play house with I should have moved to Jersey. What I wanted, really, was what I already had - my slave, who was my lover when I saw fit to allow him the privilege.

Now Old Faithful was really doing his act. Maybe we could forget about lunch all together. A questioning look came over Sean's face when he saw the intensity of my stare. I left him wondering what it was all about and went back to the drawing.

So keep me informed as to how you make out. I am thinking of you. My sincere regard.

'OK, friend, I'll do that,' I thought, as I stood up and took a firm grip on Sean's elbow. "We're going home, boy." His startled response died in his throat, a smile crept over his face, and a quiet nod submitted to my demands. This was no time for a divorce.

(Dear Master, drawing by Nigel Kent, story by Leslie East. Nigel Kent's work is on display at the Rob Amsterdam Gallery, 8A Charles Lane, Greenwich Village, New York. Saturday and Sunday, 2-8pm. Weeknights by appointment only. [212] 675-7319.)

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ASTROLOGIC

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Spring is in the air. The hearts and holes of eager slaves begin to stir with new feelings of joy and love. Put a damper on that immediately!

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Spring may be in the air but your legs in the air are probably blocking your view.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) Young or old, Taurian bulls begin to snort as the snows begin to melt. So, have a big snort of amy! and plow some fresh, tender assholes.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) With a red hankie waving furiously in the wind (from your passive side, of course) flag down your very own snorting Bull! and try to put a ring in his nose (or ear or nipple or foreskin ... as however far he'll let you go).

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Inure that April showers come your way. Rip open the fly of your favorite M's Levi's, shove your pulsating pecker into the front opening and piss warmly down his leg.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Apologize for enjoying it.

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Inflation knows no sexual preference. Instead of redecorating this year, you'll be lucky just to repaint that dreary old dungeon. The good news is that old slaves have a higher trade-in value these days.

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Inflation to you is being allowed to blow up your Master's old latex prophylactics.

LIBO (July 23-Aug. 22) Stock up on batteries now for your collection of vibrators, Accu-Jacs and other mechanical toys (The price will just go up next week). When all else fails, your vibrator shouldn't.

LIBO (July 23-Aug. 22) Ever since your Master took you to see the movie *Deliverance*, you've been turned onto "dueling dildoes."

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Warm spring weather beginning to get you in the gonads? Plan a trip to some place really decadent and let yourself go "pig." If you live in San Francisco ... forget it.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You know nothing about decadence except what your Master shows you. Prove to him you're never too brutalized to learn new tricks.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Time to start pulling yourself out of those winter doldrums. Give those tired muscles a workout by giving your slave a workout. It's a lot easier when you have someone to do the running for you.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Don't bother pulling yourself out of any doldrums. If you find yourself elated it'll only depress you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) As mean as the average Scorpio S is, there seems to be a parallel tender, sympathetic side, too. Learn to suppress this at FFA orgies.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) The only thing about you that should be tender is your ass hole after being repeatedly sodomized by a crazed gang of bikers.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Dig culture, huh? Well, the movements of a bullship cutting through the air to kiss naked buttocks, can be as poetic and graceful as a Russian baller.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Of course this loses some of its classical charm if you're on the receiving end.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Don't take it personally if your supposed ratio in the bars isn't as high as it used to be. More and more in leather bars, the term "S&M" means *Strand and Model*.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) The less you get, the more you want: the more you want, the less you appreciate what you get. S&M is never pretty.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) You don't have to be physical to be mean. Next time a friend invites you out or to a party, stand him up. Although he may find someone hotter than you, secretly he'll love you for it.

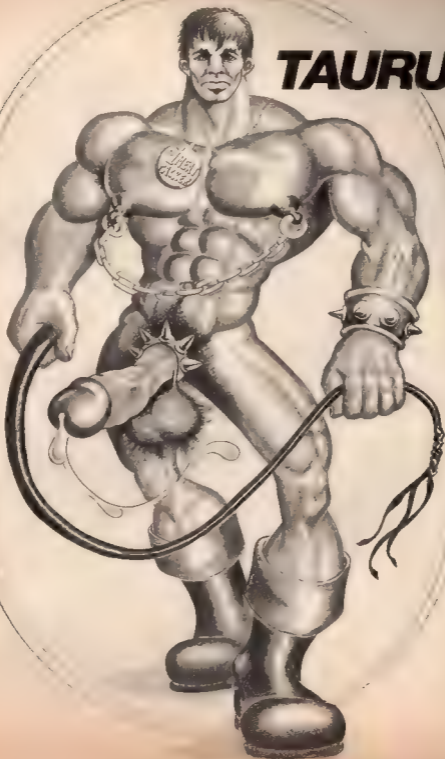
PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Remember the golden rule "Do unto others as ye would have them do to you." It turns one's stomach to think of the possibilities.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) "Let's play Highway Patrolman" is out. The latest S&D fantasy game is "Militants and hostages." And the good part about it is that you can quit when the game gets old.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) With your penchant for mistreatment, you'd probably be released straight off with the women and children.

—by Aristotle

TAURUS



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DRUMMER Reads The Books



The Strongest Man in the World by Dmitry Ivanov, Sphinx Press, 1980. 288 pages, illustrated with photographs, \$12.95.

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD

Vasili Alexeyev's motto is "Be your self, always." A liberal attitude for a citizen of the USSR, but Vasili is a lot of things, Alexeyev has won the World Weightlifting Championships an unprecedented eight times, and the Olympics twice. In one night alone, Alexeyev broke seven world records.

But beyond his amazing ability to lift incredible amounts of weight, his personality has garnered him international fame and respect. In the Soviet Union he is a superstar with the legion of followers usually awarded a Robert Redford or a Mick Jagger.

While Dmitry Ivanov's biography, *The Strongest Man in the World*, focuses on Alexeyev's career as a weightlifter, a tremendous amount of the man behind the accolades comes through. And, with Ivanov's devoted chronicling, it is apparent why Alexeyev is so well-loved.

Arnold Schwarzenegger says, in his introduction, that whenever Alexeyev competes, people talk about him as if he were the only person competing; it speaks to how well he has dominated and set the standard for international weight lifting.

Besides the profile of Alexeyev this book provides, it is a rare opportunity to discover the life of an athlete/citizen in modern day Russia.

CRM

RUNNING HOT AND COLD

Cold Hands by Joseph Pintauro (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95) is a powerful, disturbing book. It is the life story of two cousins who grow up in New York and indulge in a passionate intimacy that somehow never reaches the sexual peak you expect. But, then, you expect anything the author gives you in this flight of fantasy.

Cold Hands challenges every concept we have about memory, reality, love and power. He faces our human limitations full on, forcing us to see the ways in which we as people, and some of us as homosexuals, have internalized the constraints of our society. It is a beautiful, at times lyrically, written book. I strongly recommend it.

One of the fallacies of the liberal mind is its belief that the rational, sane institutions of society will always eventually produce a response of justice to the oppressed. *The Brethren* by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong (Simon and Schuster, \$13.95) blows that image to bits as the authors draw the portraits of the members of the United States Supreme Court. The "Nine Wise Men" often turn out to be self-important, bigotted and willing to give up the freedoms of individuals sometimes even their lives for the sake of politics. It's an unnerving book, and one you should encourage any one to read who believes that gay liberation is ever going to come to an easy, comfortable victory because of the "rightness" of the cause.

The book is, in fact, a reality check for anyone interested in just how important the gay movement is to American

political institutions. Homosexuality is mentioned only once, where a sodomy case's disposition is cited as an example of the Court's willingness to refuse to deal with a socially relevant problem because of the sexual content of the matter. It's a real eye-opener.

St. Martin's Press has come to be known for its ever increasing number of gay titles. This Spring there are two new books—one's actually a re-issue—that hold up its reputation as the one mainstream publishing house that's willing and able to provide the public with gay books. However, the season list from St. Martin's also brings one uncannily scienable bomb.

The two very good books bear a lot in common. George Whitmore's *The Confessions of Danny Sloum* (\$9.95) and Merle Miller's *What Happened* both describe the milieu of two different eras in American gay life. Whitmore has written a very "here and now" description of life in Manhattan. Miller's book describes gay life as it used to be.

Danny Sloum is built around the sexual dysfunction of someone who has surrounded himself by an embarrassment of riches, summer on Fire Island, discoing in SoHo, lunch in Greenwich Village, but he still can't get it off. Danny goes into sexual therapy with Joe, a sub-

urbane with his same physical problem. Together they explore the pressures of conformity and performance that gay men face in an age of clones. It's a revealing book, extraordinarily well written.

What Happened is written about the 40's and 50's, when gay men had much more immediate problems than sexual dysfunction. Self-hatred and a vehemently oppressive society are two of the major forces at work here. The book is depressing, its veracity demands that of it. Originally published in the 1960s, St. Martin's has done us a service by re-issuing it now. Depressing or not, it is a part of our history, and one that we must not forget. The oppressive forces at work are as minuscule as failed love affairs, as frightening as police brutality, as institutional as the McCarthy hearings and the resulting black lists. A new Foreword by the author helps us place this era in perspective.

I will never understand how St. Martin's came to publish its third gay book of this season. *The Man Who Killed Boys* (\$10.00) is one of the sleaziest hard cover books you've seen in years. It's based on the Gazeby murder trials in Chicago where a troubled closet case made the headlines by murdering over 30 young men after sexual assault, and often mutilation. This is a terribly written, poorly researched, quickie book. It bears much resemblance to the paperback titles that came out after the Guyana suicides. Unfortunately its release was timed with the murder trial, so it's receiving all the benefit of daily headlines screaming new details about the case. That's sure to rev up sales. Too bad. While the author makes some little attempt to make sure you're not thinking that he's anti-gay, this book won't do any good, anywhere, except for his bank account. It's a work beneath the dignity of St. Martin's Press.

J. Preston

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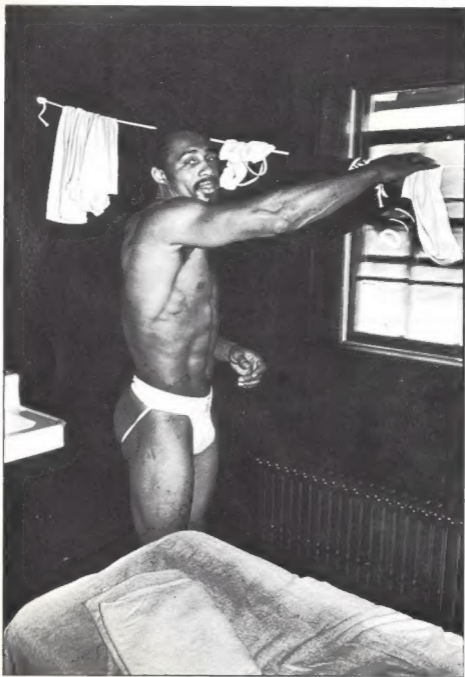
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Ken Norton hangs out his jocks/photographer unknown



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